

THE
PIVOT

AUGUST
1924

1911

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1914

THE PIVOT



AUGUST
REVUE

PARIS



THE PIVOT

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THE PIVOT

NEWARK,

AUGUST, 1924

NEW JERSEY

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CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL, NEWARK, N. J.

No. 7

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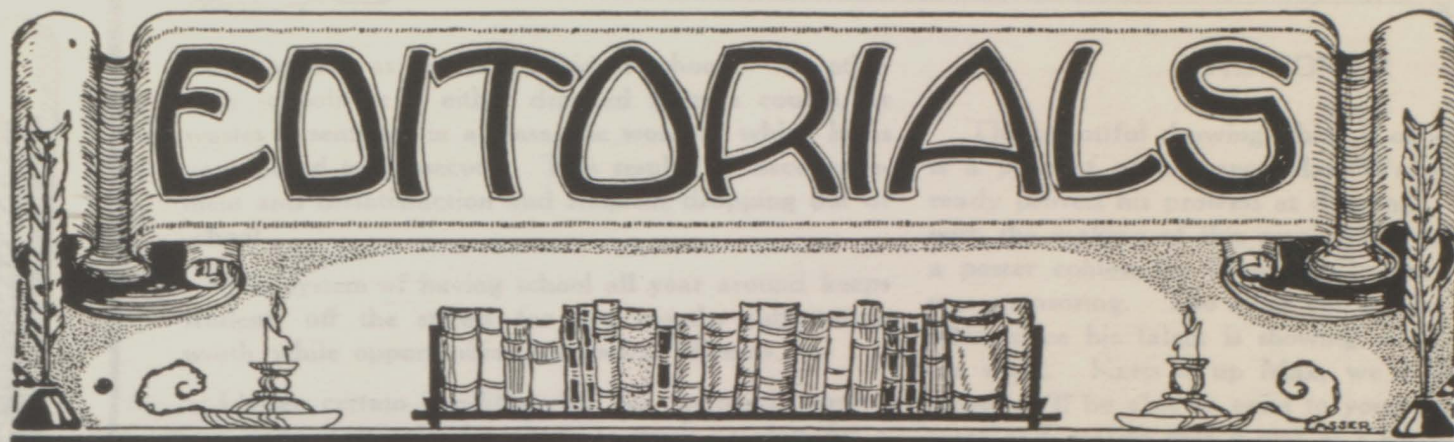
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EDITORIALS



VALE !

We are seniors, proud, sedate, and extremely egocentric; now we are thus, but soon these egotistical illusions will leave us, and we shall once again be ourselves.

At present we can recall with pleasant reminiscences days when we first entered this great institution as green freshmen. We can readily recall how we thought we would never learn the directions and destinies of the different stairways; and how we looked up with utmost respect to the seniors A's, then a year later when we began to become a part of Central, it is then we were enthused with the Central Spirit; we imagined it was our duty, and it was, to attend all Central affairs; we were the mainstay of our school then; again another year (or more) later and we are juniors, we have learned the art of cutting and are now most likely using it to the best of advantage; we are looking forward to our senior year at this time, and we count the classes as they are graduated one by one; last of all our graduating year; we are enthused with the expectant ceremonies of commencement, time flies all too slow and then—the night—things take a turn—we are down to earth. We retrospect and realize what Central with her Principal, her faculty, and her standards has meant to us, we begin to appreciate the untiring efforts of Mr. Wiener; we begin to understand the teachings and kind words of our unselfish faculty, and a feeling of accomplishment spreads itself over our entire beings. Graduation night has caused a radical change in us, what in the past we erringly saw bad in Central becomes good; what we always knew was good becomes better. It

is then that the full significance of Alma Mater, Foster Mother, manifests itself in a radiant glory within our souls, and with saddened steps we sing—"Farewell, Alma Mater! Farewell," as we slowly ascend the platform to receive that piece of parchment which embodies a period of learning, during which the best system and facilities were accorded us. To the school we are only one of the many classes; but to us Central is the only school.

—J. N. R.

THE ALL-YEAR SCHOOL

The all-year school allows maximum instruction in minimum time, permitting if all goes well a clear saving of a calendar year in a four year high school course. This is most advantageous to boys and girls whose parents are in moderate circumstances and who may be making sacrifices to keep their children in school. This time saver makes it possible for many, who would not otherwise do so, to take up college and professional school work.

The value of continuity of effort so necessary in the business world is taught us. Also it affords an opportunity for those who desire school the year around to secure continuous instruction under a uniform expert teaching force. The ordinary summer school is very frequently taught by instructors from outside the immediate city.

The all year school allows for frequent readjustment of program to make up failures if they occur. Through failures a pupil loses but three months in-

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stead of five as in the traditional schools. In other high schools he is either dropped from a course, or wastes a semester in a class, the work of which he is unprepared to prosecute. This results in discouragement and dissatisfaction and frequent dropping out of school.

The system of having school all year around keeps students off the streets for two months substituting worth while opportunities for useless idleness.

Under certain conditions or for financial reasons it may be necessary for pupils to work or play for a term. The all-year system permits this. Under this plan it is possible for pupils to receive a maximum of instruction before their withdrawal from school if they are compelled to leave at the age of sixteen.

It has been said that it is too expensive to maintain the all year school but it has been proven that this method gives a complete high school course for lower per capita cost than any other type of school. Central High School graduates nearly as many pupils per year as the three other high schools of Newark combined, on an enrollment of 2,261 for Central High and 4,700 in the three other high schools. About 8-10 of the regular enrollment of pupils of Central High School desire to attend school during the summer they should have the opportunity to do so.

The whole tendency of modern education is to use our expensive education plants a maximum part of the year since it costs a great deal to build high schools, equip and maintain them.

I will quote what was said of the all year school by one of the most prominent educational figures in the City of Newark.

"The all-year school is the greatest Americanization agency yet established."

Another authority says: "The all-year plan is the last work in progressive education in America. It offers a full measure of educational opportunity. It puts education on a twelve months' business basis."

The taxpayers must sit up and take note of the fact that the city will save \$200,000. per year by continuing the all year plan in Central High School.

—A. H. K.

THE COVER

The beautiful drawing which is on our "PIVOT" is a product of our own Max Walter, who has already proved his prowess at drawing. Contemporary with the making of this cover Max won first prize in a poster contest the Newark Chamber of Commerce was sponsoring. Too much can not be expected from Max since his talent is showing itself promisingly in his work. Keep it up Max, we're biding the time when we'll be able to point to your world-famed pictures and realize that it was at Central that you first got your start.

The drawing depicts Hermes, God of Speed in mythology, but in modern times as god of Commercialism and Transportation, who, as ruler of the world, represented by the two columns, is writing the names of the Archons (leaders) in the tablet of Honor held up by winged Cupid, representative of love in Greek mythology, but in modern times a depiction of enthusiasm and patriotism for our Alma Mater. We hope that in time to come when this graduating class shall have been succeeded by many others, we shall be able to point to many individuals and designate them as Archons, Leaders.

—J. N. R.

We are very glad to hear that Mr. Walter W. Arnold, the Head of our Latin Department, who has been ill for several months, is making progress toward recovery. We are all looking forward to the time when his cheery presence and wonderful personality will be with us again. Mr. Arnold, because of his personal sacrifices and devotion to the boys and girls of Central, has our best wishes.

—The Boys and Girls of Central High School.

GOOD LUCK TO MISS ROSECRANS

On July 1st, Miss Rosecrans left us for a year's leave of absence. She expects to enter Cornell in September, where she will pursue a special course of study in English.

We miss her presence here at Central, and will be glad to welcome her back next year.

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TABLET ERECTED BY CENTRAL

June 11, 1924, is a date of great importance for Central High School. Students of Central may always point with pride to the bronze tablet on the side of the department store of L. Bamberger & Co. The tablet, placed there by Central, commemorates a skirmish that took place on that ground during the Revolution.

NEAR THIS CORNER THE TIDE WAS TURNED
ON THE MORNING OF NOVEMBER 21, 1780
IN A RUNNING FIGHT AND SKIRMISH BETWEEN
THE NEWARK MINUTE MEN
UNDER THE COMMAND OF
COLONEL PHILIP VAN CORTLANDT
AND A PARTY OF ABOUT ONE HUNDRED
REFUGEES AND BRITISH SOLDIERS
ROBERT NEIL'S NEW HOUSE ON MARKET STREET
NEAR BROAD STREET WAS BURNED AND A
NUMBER OF CASUALTIES OCCURRED
BUT THE BRITISH FINALLY
"THOUGHT PROPER TO SAVE THEMSELVES
BY A PRECIPITATE FLIGHT"
SO NEWARK WITH ITS POPULATION OF
ABOUT ONE THOUSAND SOULS AT THE TIME
OF THE REVOLUTION
MANFULLY RESISTED THE INVADER AND HELPED
ON THIS SOIL
TO VINDICATE THE PRINCIPLES OF
AMERICAN FREEDOM
ERECTED BY THE CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL JUNE 11, 1924
THE 150TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE FIRST MEETING
HELD IN ESSEX COUNTY TO PROMOTE THE FORMATION
OF A UNION OF THE AMERICAN COLONIES.

The content of the tablet is as follows:

"Near this corner the tide was turned on the morning of November 21, 1780, in a running fight and skirmish between the Newark Minute Men under the command of Colonel Philip Van Cortlandt, and a party of one hundred refugees and British soldiers.

"Robert Neil's new house, on Market Street, near Broad Street, was burned and a number of casualties occurred, but the British finally thought proper to save themselves in a precipitate flight.

"So Newark with its population of about one thousand souls at the time of the revolution, manfully resisted the invader and helped on this soil to vindicate the principles of American freedom.

"Erected by the Central High School, June 11, 1924, the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the first meeting in Essex County to promote the formation of a Union of the American Colonies."

The program consisted of exercises at both Central and at Market and Washington Streets.

At the school the invocation was delivered by Rabbi Solomon Foster. Interesting talks were given by Mrs. Lyman W. Allan, of Daughters of American Revolution; Louise Connolly, of the Newark Public Library; and Mr. William Wiener, our Principal.

The students participating in the exercises were Magdelene Hessler, Dorethea Epstein and Anton Bundsman.

The tablet was unveiled by Charles T. Andruss, the great, great grandson of Timothy Andruss, who lived at Market and Washington Streets during the Revolution. The Central High School Orchestra furnished the music which was enjoyed by all.

Another feature of the exercises was the poem by Dorethea Epstein. An account of the poetess and her poem taken from the *Sunday Call* follows:

Dorethea Epstein of 87 Astor Street, a junior at Central High School, has written an interesting narrative in verse, commemorating the Market Street skirmish of 1780. Miss Epstein is 16 years of age and has still a year's work to complete before graduation, but has won an enviable reputation with her teachers and fellow-students.

Daniel H. Rich of the English Department at Central, who selected Miss Epstein's poem as the best in a contest open to the entire school, and who had charge of the program in the school auditorium June 11, preceding the unveiling of the tablet affixed to the Bamberger Building, made the poem one of the features of the exercises.

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DEACON ALLING'S DEFENSE

The sun shone down on a peaceful scene,
On meadow, farm and brook,
And sent a joyous, sparkling gleam
In every Essex nook.

The sounds of war had not yet rent
The quiet of our air;
But every Newark ear was bent
To war tales everywhere.

The spirit of the age, like flame
Could not be now confined—
And when the time for action came
Caution was left behind.

But Captain Ward was ignorant
That homespun hearts beat high,
And like the men at Concord
Meant to do, and dare—or die!

In white plumed hat and fine array,
High on his horse sat he;
His very red coat seemed to say,
“Ye rebels, bow to me.”

For once our Washington he'd fought,
And our men were the losers;
Experience had not yet taught
That beggars can't be choosers.

But even vain men hungry grow;
And so with his command
They left the fort where stores were low
And wandered through the land.

By ferryboat they landed here,
Then took to boot and saddle;
His men all walked—in empty fear,
Yet filled with lust of battle.

They stole some pigs, some sheep, some cows—
They ogled all the spinsters;
They fired the Widow Neil's good house,
And frightened all the youngsters.

They stopped in front of Alling's gate
And impudently said:
“We want some food; it is too late
To push on far ahead.”

Old Alling called his daughter, dear,
And very sadly sighed:
He said: “From what I see, I fear
The redcoats are outside.”

“They all want food, and also drink,
So they can fight our men.
But,” the deacon said, “you mustn't think
I'll give a bite to them.

“A Newarker will never yield
To redcoat rule or word;
At home or on the battlefield,
When once his blood is stirred.

“Now daughter, bring the children here
And to the cellar run.
As for myself, I have no fear,
Nor for my youngest son.”

Meanwhile the citizens afoot
Gathered from every side;
They caught the redcoats with their loot
And scattered it far and wide.

The deacon cackled brokenly:
He gave a feeble yell.
“In every durn and pesky hide,
Boys, put some shot and shell.”

His hair is white, his shoulders bent,
Full ninety winters he
Had in his native village spent
A life of amity.

Bold Captain Ward grew red and hot,
He used brave elocution.
But the words he said have been forgot
Long since the Revolution.

An aide spoke up, “I'll lay him low
If you just bid me to.”
But the gallant Captain Ward said, “No!
What harm can the old man do?”

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You've heard of Barbara Frietchie's deed,
"Shoot if you must," she said:
But Deacon Alling did far more,
And never lost his head.

He took his rifle from the wall.
'Twas rusty from disuse;
But after cramming it with ball,
The deacon just broke loose.

The redcoats saw the old man load,
By the kitchen firelight red,
Then a gunner sent a four-pound ball,
Right through the house from wall to wall!
But the deacon kept his head.

They rushed the house—they broke the door!
Young John had long since gone
To join a band of some two score
Who were making an ancient fieldpiece roar;
The deacon was left alone.

They chased him to the orchard, where
He dodged from tree to tree,
And though their bullets filled the air
He yelled defiantly.

Meanwhile a squad of "Minute Men,"
Came down from Court House Hill—
A body of some two score ten,
Who gave the Reds their fill.

Then someone fired a parting shot,
At the deacon's trembling knee,
Just where he crouched upon the limb
That showed behind the tree.

The Redcoats formed a square around
Their gun, then took to heels;
It wasn't long before they found
How Yankee vengeance feels.

In the deacon's leg the bullet lodged,
And the blood his limb all flecked it,
So to a larger tree he dodged,
Where all limbs were protected.

The Redcoats soon were routed out—
By our brave "Minute Men."
And oh! how they then shouted out—
The whole three score and ten!

The deacon lived to see the day,
When America was free,
And every day knelt down to pray
Upon his crippled knee.

The following is a letter received from Sir Esme Howard to Mr. H. E. Webb:

BRITISH EMBASSY,
WASHINGTON

June 11, 1924.

Dear Sir:—

With reference to your communication of the 5th instant addressed to Sir Esme Howard, I have pleasure in enclosing herewith a message from His Excellency in accordance with your desire.

I regret that, owing to the very short notice given and the fact that the Ambassador has been away, it has not been possible to send this message before. It is hoped, however, that it will arrive in time for the unveiling of the tablet.

Yours very truly,

(Signed) H. Tennant.

Secretary.

Harrison E. Webb, Esq.,

Chairman, Tablet Committee,

Central Commercial and

Manual Training High School,

Newark, N. J.

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BRITISH EMBASSY

It gives me much pleasure to have been asked to send a message to Newark on this occasion. It shows clearly that in both our countries any feelings of criticism arising out of the family feud of one hundred and fifty years ago have long since given way to good will. In these one hundred and fifty years America has risen to take her place as one of the greatest Powers of the world and this for Great Britain, whose early struggle for freedom and liberty, whose historical traditions, and whose language are also the common property of America, can only be a source of legitimate pride and satisfaction, so that there is no longer one right feeling Englishman who will not join me in wishing well to Newark on this anniversary and in crying, "God Bless America."

June 11, 1924.

ORATION AT TABLET EXERCISES

By Anton Bundsman

In the growing confusion of our city streets, in the whirling and screeching of our mills, in the deep throated siren voices of our harbor, rising to the calm heavens that once saw this great city of industrial splendor a quiet wilderness, we are deafened perhaps to the voices of gratitude and thanksgiving, which should daily arise in our hearts to those who made possible this glorious present and its achievements.

Therefore, it is particularly fitting that today, June 11, 1924, we pause in our swift moving present and made occasion to briefly sing the praises of our heroic past. In thus honoring the great men from whom we sprang we also do ourselves honor.

One hundred and fifty years ago, June 11, 1774, a whole year before the outbreak of hostilities with the mother country, the government of Britain in retaliation against the people of Boston for dumping the hated taxed tea into their harbor struck a blow at the liberties of America by closing Boston Port to free navigation.

This iniquitous Boston Port Bill was put into effect June 1, 1774, and just eleven days later the people of Essex County and especially the Freeholders of the township of Newark pursuant to a call issued a week earlier gathered together at the corner Broad and Markets Streets in the Old Meeting House which their fathers had founded in the wilderness to be a New Ark of the Covenant with the Lord. In this holy place, before the city of Boston or the province of Massachusetts Bay had raised a voice of protest, the citizens of Newark registered their stern rebuke against injustice and wrong done to all of America. They did this in no uncertain terms, yet mildly and sweetly too, acknowledging at once their allegiance to the King under whom they enjoyed their charter, but showing unshaken firmness and a will to defend those chartered rights even against the King himself.

Listen again, freeholders and citizens of Newark, to a part of this superb document framed by your courageous forefathers.

"Resolved, that the late Act of Parliament relative to Boston, which so absolutely destroys every ideal of safety and confidence, appears to us; big with the most dangerous and alarming consequences, especially as subversive of that very dependence which we should earnestly wish to continue, as our best safeguard and protection; and that we conceive every well-wisher to Great Britain and her Colonies is now loudly called upon to exert his utmost abilities in promoting every legal and prudential measure towards obtaining a repeal of the said Act of Parliament, and all others subversive of the undoubted rights and liberties of his Majesty's American subjects."

"That it is our unanimous opinion that it would conduce to the restoration of the liberties of America should the Colonies enter into a joint agreement not to purchase or use any articles of British Manufacture, and especially any commodities imported from the East Indies under such restrictions as may be agreed upon by a general Congress of the said Colonies hereafter to be appointed."

"That the county will most readily and cheerfully join their brethren of the other counties in this Province, in promoting such Congress of Deputies, to be sent from each of the Colonies, in order to form a general plan of union, so that the measures to be pursued for the important ends in view may be uniform and firm."

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This brave utterance was quickly followed by resolutions in other counties of the province of New Jersey and became in point of fact one of the opening guns to the Revolutionary War.

It was the old spirit of Magna Charta flaming anew a spirit that burned brightly in the hearts of all those early men and women who sought new homes of liberty under free sky, field, and woodland.

Among the Newarkers who dared death, by acting on the committee of the Congress of Deputies which met one hundred and fifty years ago were: Stephen Crane, Henry Garretse, Joseph Riggs, William Livingston, John De Hart, Isaac Ogden and Elias Boudinot, esquires three of whom were chosen a few weeks later as delegates to the Continental Congress which met September 5, 1774.

Proudly we think of those times and the part played in them by the men of Newark. Their names are on our lips daily as we pass too and fro along the streets that bare their illustrated names, Perison, Hedden, Boudinot, Ogden, Chelwood and many others.

Thousands upon thousands in ever-increasing numbers speak their names daily without giving thought to the men who bore them, who made our city glorious by their deeds, and in all the annals of Historic Newark the grandest record perhaps is that which marks the day one hundred and fifty years ago today, when Newark spokesmen were one of the very finest in all America, East or West, South or North to denounce injustice and oppression and to subject a formation of that better union which was eventually to bind the Colonies into the United States of America.

—o—
Mother—Goldie!

Goldie—What, mother?

Mother—It's getting so dark in this room that I can hardly see how to sew. Please run up the shade for me.

Goldie—You think I'm a regular monkey, don't you?

—o—
Sing a song of six pence,
A cellar full of rye,
A cop called the other day
And now the cellar's Dry.

A PICTURE

By Alice Freeman

Did you ever see such a queer little man?
He starves himself while his horse eats bran;
His figure's bent and he walks with a cane,
At times a stately nod he'll deign,
If the person he meets is an old, old friend,
And one who can understand the trend
Of his twisted mind and old queer thought.

His clothes are the pomp of a bygone day,
And people smile as he comes their way;
When he lifts his hat with a courtly grace,
They grin at the hat and laugh in the face,
But he heeds not their scorn and despises their smiles,
His soul discards such things as swells;
His mind on higher matters dwells.

Sometimes in a little rickety gig
(Just like him from wheel to wig)
He goes for a drive with his rickety horse,
(No automobile for him, of course)
His carriage begins to look somewhat worn,
Like the little old man when he's feeling forlorn,
The wheels' bright red has turned to gray,
As the driver's cheeks on a gloomy day,
And the little man's hair, like his buggy old,
Seems gray and lifeless, still and cold.
But his eyes are as bright as the lamp that hangs
On the back of his carriage, and bumps and bangs,
And though the road may twist and turn
The little man's lamp will steadily burn.

—o—
There is positively no comparison between wine
and women, for wine improves with age.—Banter.

—o—
There was something about him that she liked—
but he spent it.

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FROM PRINCIPAL



TO PARENT

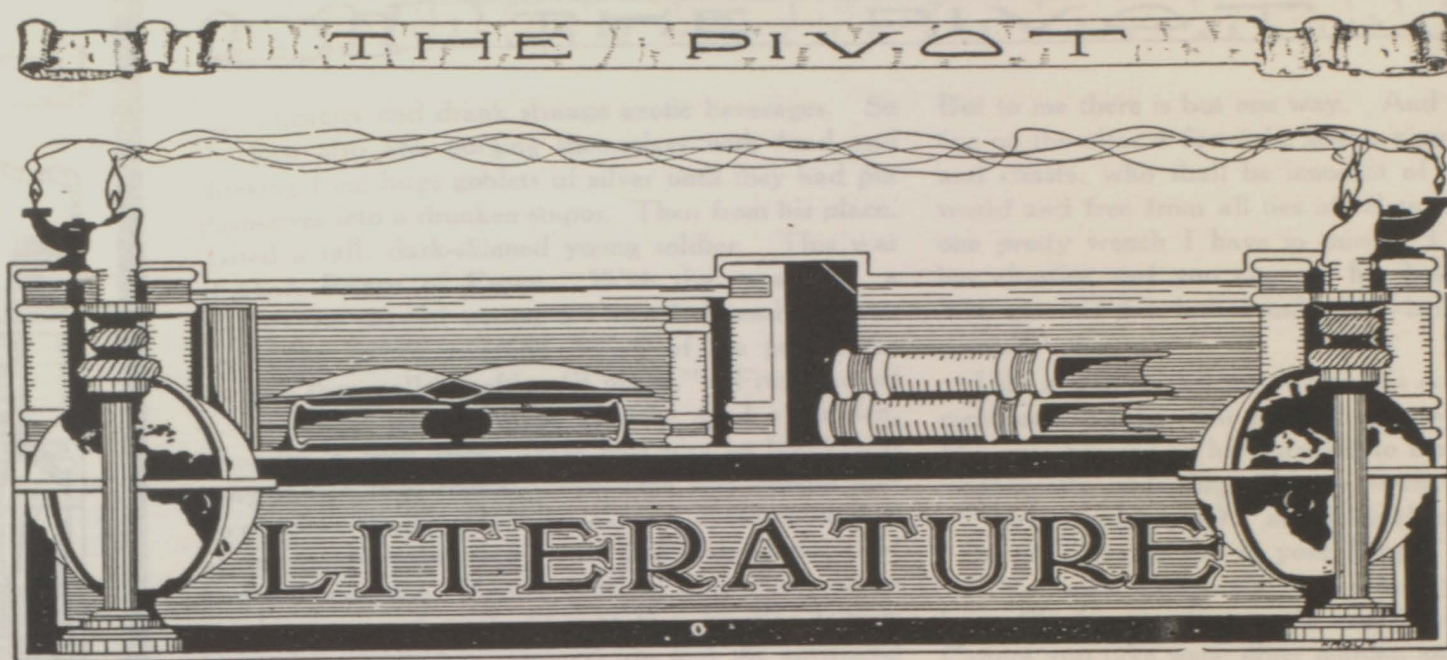
DEAR PARENTS:

Children, as well as adults, are prone to move and live only in fixed grooves of life. Such fixed paths require nothing more of individuals than the mere, indifferent following of some strongly formed set of habits, good or bad, or some strong-minded leader, good or bad. We should ever be on the alert to know and realize as soon as possible for what reason and purpose we are living and working. Indifference to this knowledge and blind thoughtless following of ready-made plans and life purposes unwittingly deprive us of the real opportunities for success.

Very truly yours,

William Weiner

Principal.



THE CRIMSON ARCHER

By Morris Tager

PROLOGUE

I am a visitor in Egypt—Egypt—the land of eternal solitude and splendor. One day, imagine to my surprise, a turbanned servant (as I later found him to be) confronted me and spoke: "My master desires to see you. He has something of great import to tell to you." I was puzzled but being of adventurous stock, I acquiesced and followed the servant to a house. The interior was dark and a sweet odor of burning incense pervaded the room. Far, in a corner I discerned a man lying in bed. He was dark-skinned and possessed a pair of glittering eyes—eyes that shone in the dark. He laid a trembling hand upon my own and spoke with great difficulty.

"My son, but yesterday when I witnessed your quarrel (I had an argument with an impotent tribesman) and listened to your strong voice—so full of spirit and vigor—I took an immediate liking to you; thus now as I lie at the gates of Paradise, it is you who immediately came before me. I wish you to listen to a sweet tale—so old and so beautiful—a tale full of romance. Till now it has been kept from all white people, but now, I as the last remaining person who has any knowledge of this, desire to leave it to the world as a mark that all men should strive for—to believe in God. Harken ———"

It was a sultry day. The sun hung like a scarlet ball high up in the heavens shooting out its fiery streaks of glittering splendor. The sands shimmered. Sentries slowly paced the wall, now and then raising their heads to peer in the distance. Suddenly from out of the horizon a dust cloud arose—swirling and blowing in a golden mist. A trumpet sounded, sweet and silvery, and far in the midst of the advancing hosts could be seen a banner, that hurled defiance to the world by its flashing red and blue colors.

"Victory!" was the cry. "It is the sign of victory!"

The gates were thrown open. Wives, mothers and sweethearts rushed out to meet the advancing hordes. Drums rattled! Swords glittered and all was confusion. The returning warriors, flushed with victory, burst into song as they triumphantly strode through the gates of the city.

It was night. Faintly through the desert air came the whining, sinuous note of the lute, mingling with the muffled beat of the tom-tom. A big cold moon shone down upon a happy people. Stars like glistening drops of dew dotted the heavens, while from the distance came the eerie howl of the jackal and the snarling laugh of the hyena.

In the palace of the King Rukkenou all was merry. Girls, perfumed and silken clad danced to the strains of seductive Egyptian music, while others ate fascinat-

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ing delicacies and drank strange exotic beverages. So the men also ate, gorging themselves with food and drinking from huge goblets of silver until they had put themselves into a drunken stupor. Then from his place, darted a tall, dark-skinned young soldier. This was Rakkar, Prince of Egypt. With the tread of a panther, he slipped across the vast hall and out into the garden. He breathed deeply of the pure night air and then called softly, "Lucerri." From out of the darkness, like a flitting shadow, sped a maiden, beautiful to look upon. Her hair was jet black and hung in two long tresses. Her face was smooth and exceedingly dark. Her eyes—what eyes—were full of fathomless expression—two dark limpid pools of love and romance. Rakkar took the slim, dusky figure into his arms and crushed her to him, pressing hungry kisses down upon her ruby-red lips and she entwining her shapely brown arms around his neck answered him. Finally with a sigh they released one another and slowly wandered to a bench.

"Wonderful one," spoke Rakkar, his heart full of gladness, "now I can claim you as my own. No more shall you serve others. Now we can live happily and secure."

Her only answer was to bestow a glance of thankfulness and admiration upon him and suddenly bend and pressed a passionate kiss upon his hand.

Thus they sat, while the time flew and the moonbeams played—and the moon grew bigger and more silvery.

"O, my love!" suddenly exclaimed Rakkar. "Do you not feel chilled?"

"Not when I am near you," answered Lucerri tremulously.

"Come, sweet maid of dusk, it is time you were nestling closely on snow-white eiderdown."

Slowly they went back; flushed and happy, each wrapt in his own thoughts until they came to the servants' entrance where Rakkar again took the lovely Lucerri in his arms and after somthing her lips and cheeks with kisses, left her.

The next night of the feast, King Rukkenou called all the nobility together and spoke in his stentorian voice:

"People—my loyal subjects. Many thanks must be given to the immortal Gods for the aid they have given us in conquering our foes. There are many ways in which we can show our heartfelt appreciation.

But to me there is but one way. And that is to sacrifice on the altar a fortnight hence, a maiden, beautiful and chaste, who shall be innocent of the evils of the world and free from all ties of relationship. There is one pretty wench I have in mind. I can vouch for her chastity and you can see her beauty yourselves. The wench—fair ladies and sires—is Lucerri—house-maid."

Like a stab to the heart came this sudden announcement and Rakkar felt his feet give way before him. His eyes blurred as he stumbled to the King's throne, incoherently muttering, "No, no—no, it cannot be."

"What mean you?" asked Rukkenou of Rakkar. "Do you dare dictate to your King?"

"No, most honorable sire, please you cannot kill her. She is to wed me in the near future. I love her. Cannot you take some other maiden and leave my fair Lucerri to me?"

The King arose, angry and enraged, and in a terrible voice answered, "I have spoken. A fortnight hence, the girl dies at the altar."

In vain did young Rakkar plead for the life of his beloved. Finally, distracted and grief-stricken, he left the palace in a daze. The whole night he wandered, careworn and sad, thinking of how cruel the world was.

Then he suddenly remembered of how the King of Perdallia had said to him after he had saved the life of the King's son in battle, "I am your eternal debtor. If I can ever help you, I am yours to command."

On the heels of this thought, came a sudden fire resolve to save his sweetheart; so turning towards home, he hurriedly ran back, mounted a fast horse and was away for aid.

A few hours later, the big gates of the city of Ducor opened for him and he rode directly to the palace of the King. There he was received with open arms.

"Well," spoke the King, "I am at your service."

"Sire," answered Rakkar, "my heart is heavy with sadness. But a fortnight away, will my beloved go forever. The King has so commanded that she be sacrificed to the immortal gods as a token of thanks for their aid they have given us in defeating our foe. Cannot you help me free her from this horrible fate that awaits her?"

The King pondered deeply, his eyes grave and serious. Then he announced in a simple voice: "My son, I am at your feet. You can count on me."

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Their hands met in a strong clasp, faithful and sincere. Then began a long talk which lasted far into the night, after which Rakkar returned home, his heart glad and merry.

The seventh night of the feast. Black night! The clouds form a silvery screen in front of the fast-disappearing moon! Gleaming sands that stretch endlessly into the horizon. Suddenly a red flare is seen in the heavens and as quickly dies away. Then another. The muffled note of advancing hordes. A low rumbling sound—danger! Swirling sand and dust. Suddenly the sentry on the wall remains still. He strains his eyes and peers into the darkness. A gleaming shield attracts his eye. Another and another. Then a trumpet peals out. The call to arms. Pandemonium breaks loose. The men rush for the weapons and under the expert leadership of their general, they are soon lined up for battle. On come the enemy, grim faced and determined. As they approach the gates a shower of rocks and stones greet them and arrows fly quickly and without pause. However, the solid phalanx of the enemy hold and they continue on their way. Near the gates hot pitch and more stones greet them, slungshots send out their messengers of death, while spears hurled accurately find their marks time and again. The advancing army are panic stricken and are at loss what to do. Valiantly they hurl their primary defenses against the walls but of no avail. Not without cause had the defenders of the city returned victors. They were very brave, even to the point of rashness and feared only their gods. Now the leader of the attacking army summoned his field generals together for conference.

"Men," he spoke, "it appears that we have not caught the enemy asleep as we expected. We have but one more chance. We must rally our men for one remendous attack. If we fail, we must retreat. Attack from all sides. I have spoken."

Now the defenders saw something was up and were fully prepared as the advancing soldiers, with a deep roar of hoarse cries, began to run forward. For awhile, it appeared as though they would break down the walls, but it was not so. Gradually the advantageous position of the defenders began to tell and slowly and surely the attackers were driven away. Then a strange thing occurred. Suddenly, high up in the heavens, there appeared an archer—crimson and dazzling, who began to shoot his fiery darts into the defenders of the

city. They were struck with fear and began to run and seek shelter, fearing the flaming arrows. The attackers, thus encouraged, again attacked and this time were successful in scaling the walls—then the gates were opened and the victorious army poured in, ready to give thanks to the Archer—he who was so crimson and so great, but the archer was no more—a myriad of stars twinkled tranquilly where he had made his stand and the moon was just entering, its coming heralded by the fanciful moonbeams.

Great was the rejoicing, but no heart was gladder than that of Rakkar whose heart sang within him, now that he could take his Lucerri without any fear of danger. Fires were lighted and soon the soldiers were making merry.

Rakkar had hurried off to find his beloved. In a little grove, frightened and wide eyed, he found her, her tender bosom heaving tumultuously from fear. However, when she saw Rakkar she sprang up with a glad little cry and nestled close in his arms, while Rakkar embraced her tenderly.

"Now, my love," softly came from Rakkar, "now we can live in peace."

Lucerri made no comment, and they began to walk to the camp.

"But," Rakkar continued, "it is the hand of God. Let us rejoice."

* * * *

EPILOGUE

With a sudden spasm of coughing, my strange host looked up at me. His eyes so deep and black and mysterious, suddenly closed and I felt as though my soul had been made better by his wonderful tale, as he shuddered and then lay still.

FINIS

At a Sheriff's sale, a man was sent through the house to take an inventory. It ran thus—Dining-room, 6 chairs, oak; one table, oak; one sideboard, oak; two bottles of whiskey, full—and then the full was struck out and replaced by empty, and the list continued in a hand that straggled and wandered over the page and closed with—one revolving doormat, rubber.

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THE BLUE GRASS PRIZE

By Joseph A. Bocchini

PART I.

Just as the copper sun was wearily climbing above the Texan hills, a solitary rider came into view. Dust had so covered his black riding suit as to make it seem grey. His horse showed signs of fatigue as he carefully made his way among the treacherous rocks. It was evident that the rider had travelled far, and for a good reason.

Roderick Sanders, well known breeder of horses, had set out in quest of a wild horse—one that must beat all others. Sanders was a deftly-proportioned man, about twenty-five. His strong, wiry-limbed body was inclined to be lithe and agile and his reputation in his home town of Catcus Center for being a successful participant in many daring and heroic enterprises was not unfounded, if one may judge by appearances. The wind tossed his long sandy hair. His eyes that were a steel grey clicked rather than blinked. It was an indication of firmness. These features had been the traditions of all his ancestors. Though the person in question had Scotch blood in his veins, on his mother's side he had inherited that shrewdness and boldness peculiar to the Yankee. The welding of these noble elements had produced such a man as Roderick Sanders.

Sanders scanned the landscape and saw that the group of wild horses he had been tracking were in a small enclosure of hills, easily accessible but difficult to withdraw from. He noticed that one seemed to lead the rest, and was fierier and more animated than the others. The magnificent stallion raised his proud head and emitted a long sharp blast that echoed and re-echoed. This one Sanders aimed for and neared him. The beast had a shiny, jet black skin. Blind to difficulties, Sanders, or Rod as he was better known, pressed on, all aglow to catch the horse that would so ably suit his requirements. He went down into the enclosure and after no little difficulty he succeeded in roping and controlling the wild horse. Elated, the wearisome trip was started, for Catcus Center and home, but to the rider the distance retraversed had shrunk to half the original.

* * * *

Oliver Poste greeted Rod with a "hello" as he came within hailing distance. Then Poste, trying to approach the prancing horse said: "Pretty horse you brought back this time."

"Yes," was the emphatic response, "and there was a pretty time catching him."

Oliver, a sensible young man and staunch friend of Rod's was brother to Alice Poste, sweet and demure, Rod's weakness. The breeder, with Alice constantly in his thoughts, inquired if she were at home for he wanted her to "break in" the horse. The girl had an uncanny power over horses and it was nothing unusual for her to ride horses never ridden before.

Perhaps it was her natural understanding of them. Perhaps the animals were unconsciously attracted by her soothing voice and gentle touch. Then again, perhaps it was both.

* * * *

"Rod, I've made a friendship with him already and he's some runner," burst out enthused Alice with her ruddy features all done up in dimples and smiles. She made a pretty picture on that shiny jet black stallion. Her brown hair was fluttering in the breeze while her sparkling eyes danced with glee.

"I thought so," said Rod. "What'll we call him?"

"Well, after seeing things whiz by while riding him, all I can think of as a name is "Black Streak." Watch us go!"

There could be no doubt that the right name had been chosen, for when Rod looked for the horse on his second time around the small track, all he could see was a black flash ripping through an atmosphere of dust.

The whole of Catcus Center seemed to have turned out to witness the new "find." The small race track became the daily rendezvous of the idle (which was a large majority), and even Ike, the village "Rip Van Winkle," deserted his favorite dozing place to go with the rest. The only undisputable claim he had for telling the truth at least once in his life was when, shifting his wad of "World's Best Cut Plug," to one side of his mouth from the other, inclining his head,

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and squinting, muttered something about "that hoss" bein "greased lightnin'" and "sure t' cop th' big trot."

Truly, the sight of "Black Streak" starting very slowly with sweet Alice urging him on with her velvety voice and closing in with a cyclone of speed without any apparent exertion, was a spectacle pleasing to the eye.

After one of these imposing trials, Rod went up to Alice and aided her in removing her dainty self from "Black Streak."

"I guess he'll do for the Blue Grass Stakes," broke in Rod. To win this was his ambition and on this account he had carefully groomed the new addition to his fine stables. But to a low depth, however, did Rod's lofty expectations crumble when Alice commented on "Black Streak's" aversion to anyone but herself riding him. All attempts of the "broncho busters" to keep themselves on the saddle had resulted in bruises, broken limbs and curses on their part. But the downcast man noticed a smile playing on Alice's lips and demanded how she could rejoice, with him all upset with his hopeless hopes.

"What's there to worry about? I said no one but *myself* could ride him. There's an exception, you see."

"But what good—" He stopped short as it dawned upon him that she could be a jockey as well as any man. The girl's joy dared rival even his when he accepted her offer to ride the "streak" to victory.

PART II.

The long awaited morn came when Oliver and Rod were to conduct the latter's entry to his stable in Kentucky prior to the race. Alice was to follow shortly. The two boarded the train amid the cheering and shouting of Catcus Center, Texas, U.S.A., population two thousand and darned proud of it, if any one wanted to know. It had assembled to see its pride off for the gala event.

After the hamlet had faded in the distance, Oliver jokingly questioned Rod as to what would happen if his sister were unable to ride the horse. The latter replied he would have to withdraw his horse from the race. These remarks were not ignored by a red-haired individual, undoubtedly an ex-bartender, who sat in

back of Rod and Oliver. He was an emissary of "Harp" Dudley, the owner of "Holly II"—winner of last year's race at the Blue Grass Turf. Mr. Dudley feared lest the rumors heard about the new horse were true and ergo our ex-bartender had investigated and was bearing his news back to his employer. He must win the race by fair means or otherwise, and preferably otherwise. Well, our mixer of cocktails felt his errand had not been in vain. Even if the horse was unbeatable, it could be ridden only by one person and—

A day later, Alice stepping off the train that bore her to the race track, was met by a dusky youngster who said that Rod was "waitin' fo' her 'round de corner." This was strange! She had intended to surprise him and accordingly had not notified him as to when she would arrive. Besides, why didn't he come personally to her? Oh, well! perhaps he had reasons for not wanting to be seen. She hesitated no longer, but hurried to where the dusky youth pointed. As she turned the corner, a pair of rough, sturdy arms, quite unlike Rod's, seized her and thrust her into a waiting automobile.

Meanwhile Rod was getting impatient and concerned. He did not know of anything that could have detained Alice. Catcus Center answered his wire asking if Alice had left yet in the affirmative, and also stated that she should have arrived two days ago.

The next day came. The Day—and still no "sweet Alice with hair so brown" as Du Marier would say. No efforts had been spared to find her whereabouts, rest assured. Rod and Oliver were well nigh frantic. Alice and the race were lost! Nevertheless, Rod had "Black Streak" all prepared to go on with the race, thinking that hope still existed. The preliminary races had been run and the race track was in an uproar for the great event was next. A silvery blast came from a trumpet and all the horses were led to the starting point. Rod gasped in his box seat as he saw his entry saunter in with Alice riding him, all smiling and a trifle breathless.

The moving sea of faces became monotonously rigid as the horses got in line. "Black Streak" was nervous due to the novelty of the situation, but Alice stepped down and petted his nose, making him quiet and composed. The great moment had come; the flag was lowered and the horses were off amid much clamour

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and shouting. "Holly II" according to custom, took a big lead, which he always kept. Our horse seemed to have become nervous again, for he was a few lengths behind the fourth rider. Rod was worried. These thoughts flashed through his mind. What the devil was the matter with Alice? Why didn't she urge the horse to his capacity? Half the course had been run, and "Black Streak" seemed to be contented with trailing the third runner. Alice was petting Black Streak and saying some foolish things (so Rod thought) in his ear. Then she flicked his ear and something seemed to push "The Streak" ahead of the others, nobly responding to her gentle urge. As he passed the racers, one by one with uniform acceleration, his contestants seemed to be standing still. "Holly II" was straining every muscle and his nostrils were puffed in his vain endeavor to regain his lost position of first place. His jockey was yelling, and lashing, and digging his heels in the flanks of the exhausted horse. It was a marked contrast to Alice, saying her seemingly nonsensical words to "Black Streak." Fifty yards from the finish, he led the nearest horse by a length. "Holly II" had dropped back to fourth. Another horse was pressing the leader now. Good God! The leader came down the home stretch with an added burst of speed with the damp earth flying in his wake. He broke the tape about a length and a half ahead of his nearest rival. "Harp" Dudley's horse finished fifth. Shouts arose. Rod could be seen standing in his box, silent and with clenched fists, while the mad throng swayed here and there, trying to get a glimpse of the marvelous horse and pretty jockey. Both were admired. Wreaths were bunched upon them. The owner of the winning horse had exceeding trouble to get near it, and its fair director. He reserved all his thousand questions till a more convenient time; and so the Blue Grass Prize was won.

After the prizes had been awarded and Alice and Rod were able to retire alone to a green boskage, the story was told of why there had been a delay. Some men had kidnapped her as she got off the train and had kept her confined in an old deserted farmhouse, five miles away from the race track. She had been guarded strictly and diligently for the first two days, but on the third, that of the race, the men relaxed their vigilance, thinking she could not enter the race if she did get away, and she escaped early, in the morn-

ing. By a streak of luck she met a farmer going to the town. He was easily induced to bring her along too. Of the rest that had passed, Rod knew.

"Did you recognize any of the men, dear?" asked Rod, as they sat down to rest on an old tree trunk.

"No—but why should we care. We won the race, Roderick? Now when Alice said "Roderick" instead of "Rod," she was giving a favorable sign.

"Of course," said the other, edging closer, "and now I've got three prizes: the race stakes, 'Black Streak,' and I hope I may say——."

Whoops, shrieks, yells and the firing of sixshooters burst upon them in their reverie. It was the surprise delegation from the home town, led by Oliver. It was Alice's idea, and she had stayed behind a day after Rod had departed to gather the men to surprise Rod upon his victory. Some started to do something like a snake dance, only all haphazard.

"Betcha' we'll have a big banquet when we git home," mumbled one of the old cronies.

"No," said Ike, going through the usual formalities, with his "terbacery"—I reckon there's gonna be a tie-up."

END.

MY ALMA MATER

By Harold Landshof

My Alma Mater is my Mecca, I do not want another,
It broadens my view. It leads me in the paths of
knowledge

It restores my memory. It helps me for my own
betterment

When I walk through the halls of Central
I have no fear for you have taught me

Yours books have helped me

You have prepared me with a weapon for my life's
battles.

You have encouraged me, my ambitions are running
over.

Surely success and fame shall follow me

I shall remember my Alma Mater forever.

(At least I hope so.)

THE STORY

By Freda Sternberg

"Tell you a story?" queried white-haired Mrs. Gaynor hazily. "Those I know are not suited for this gay occasion, my dears," she added, looking at the group seated about the fireplace.

The young people gathered in front of the huge brick fire place in which burned a fire that danced, fell and rose to the rhythm of the falling rain without. It was Marian Gaynor's sixteenth birthday, and the young folks of the neighborhood had never met on a jollier occasion. Nothing was spared to make the celebration a success. Games of all kinds had been played; kisses had been stolen from laughing and protesting lips; jokes had been told; songs chanted, and now the girls and boys were in a quiet mood. Just the occasion for a story—and so Grannie Gaynor had been called upon.

"Yes, a story!" shouted two of the noiser boys.

"All right, a story then," replied Mrs. Gaynor, smilingly.

"This is a true story, and took place before most of you were born. The events, as I shall tell you, happened in England."

Everyone settled down into more comfortable positions.

"When old Mr. Oakley died he left a miserable will for his three daughters. He, who owned most of the land in Whithall County, saw to it that his daughters were well provided for after his death, but in a peculiar way. Each daughter would receive her share of the wealth after she married. Thus Linda, the oldest girl, had to be married before Grace, the second daughter could marry, and Ellen the youngest, could not marry until both her older sisters were married. It was quite a foolish will in some ways, but old Oakley was a man of ancient notions.

"Two years after the death of her father, Linda Oakley became engaged to a young colonel whom she met at a house party. Colonel Lionel Stead served his country, doing duty in India. He met his pretty fiancée while on leave.

"The two young people were very much in love. They could not bear to lose sight of each other for a moment. After two months of blissful mooning, the young pair were rudely startled by summons for

the colonel to India. The lovers were heartbroken at parting. Still, England would wait for no man's love affairs, so they made plans for his return. An impressive wedding ceremony would be held immediately after Stead's homecoming.

"After her lover's departure, Linda moped in her room for a time. She could find nothing interesting while he was away. Only his weekly letters cheered her.

"Grace and Ellen had many suitors, and were planning early marriages after Linda's fortune was settled. Oakley's will wasn't so bad after all, for the girls the weeks flew, while Linda counted the days. Time dragged so for her. Early in the spring Lionel Stead's letters ceased to come. Linda was frantic. At last, after two months of silence, word came from Stead's superiors that he had been wounded severely during a native uprising and was on his way to England.

"Such preparations for a homecoming I am sure no man ever received. A wing of the ancient Oakley mansion was torn down and remodelled in record time, and fixed up with an extra sun-parlor. Every accommodation for a sick man was made. Linda prepared an elaborate trousseau for the private ceremony which would take place at the hospital in Southhampton. She would at least be in the gown which he could see was not curtailed because of his misfortune.

"Tuesday morning Linda ordered the carriage to convey her to the station. She was to take the train for Southhampton and meet Stead at the pier. As she was assisted into the carriage by the serving man, Grace rushed up breathless and flushed. In her hand she waved a paper.

"'Linda, you cannot go!' she screamed.

"'My word, Grace! What's all the disturbance about?' impatiently queried the girl.

"'You must not. I —— oh!' the excited Grace burst into tears.

"Linda did not know what to make of the weeping girl. However, she tried to calm her. As she bent over, the paper was noticed by her for the first time. She attempted to take it, but Grace held it tightly.

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Linda's heart contracted. Something was wrong with Lionel Stead!

"With fierce eagerness the anxious girl tore the telegram from Grace's resisting hands.

"We regret to inform you of the death of Colonel Lionel Stead at three o'clock Saturday morning," read the cable. It was signed by the surgeon of the ship on which Stead had sailed for England.

"Without a word Linda walked into the house up her room. She did not come down for any of the meals that day or the next, and returned the food sent up to her untouched. The third day she came down, and went about dry-eyed. She made no mention of Colonel Stead except to order the interment of his body in the Oakley family vault. Her sisters protested, but she silenced them with a disdainful look. She repelled all sympathy, and went about very quietly with face tensed, and eyes grief-stricken. She only once mentioned her father's will. She told her sisters that she renounced all claim to the inheritance since she would never marry. Dingland, the family councilor was called. He announced to the sisters that unless Linda married, neither of her sisters could get any part of the inheritance.

"As time passed, Grace and Ellen attempted to press other suitors on Linda, who remained obdurate. The girl made frequent visits to the cemetery, where reposed the body of her dead fiancée. Three years elapsed, and the pressure brought to bear on Linda was heavy. The sorrowful girl had many times imagined that the spirit of her lover visited her at night. Lately she held long conversations with the ghost of Stead at the cemetery.

"Finally, the girl bade her sisters prepare her old trousseau for a wedding. Grace and Ellen Oakley were happy beyond words. At last they could marry and enjoy the fortunes their father left them. Whom Linda would marry she did not tell them, but that she would be married they knew. That was sufficient. They asked her what date had been agreed upon.

"Any day will do, I suppose," replied Linda, dreamily. 'No, make it the anniversary of the wedding I was supposed to be married to Lionel.'

"Wonderingly, the girls withdrew from their sister's presence. They called a famous physician to interview the girl to see if she were in her proper mind. He found her normal in every respect except for her health, and declared she must be humored.

The wedding took place. Linda insisted that her sisters should not bother with the groom.

"He will be here, isn't that enough?" impatiently she answered their questions.

"The minister went through the marriage service in the village church, and Linda was given over from the arm of her father's old friend, Dr. Ashton, to—the air. That is, she held out her hand as if it were grasped by the groom. As the benediction was offered by the kindly reverend, the homely village people bent their heads. The bride, in her elaborate gown, knelt in silent prayer.

"As the minister offered to assist her to rise, the slim form pitched forward. Linda had joined her spiritual husband."

The story was ended.

THE DOOM OF A SENIOR

By Sonia Goldberg

The Seniors around the office did wait
To find out if they were to graduate;
Their hearts with unusual rhythm did beat,
Wondering if they were to suffer defeat.
One said, "I'm so afraid of history."
Another, "If I pass it's a mystery."
I stood with the crowd and said not a word
But the beating of my heart everyone heard;
Miss Martin came with our fate in her hand
For she was holding the O. K.'s grand,
She looked at us one, and looked at us all,
And with familiar voice began to call
"The fourth one in line," I was the girl,
And what she said to me made my brain whirl.
"Here's your O. K. you are sure to pass
You are Valedictorian of your class,
Your excellent work will spread far and wide."
And as she spoke my heart swelled with pride.
But from a great being I soon turned small
I was wont to suffer a terrible fall,
The sun brilliantly in my room did stream
I awoke to find it was all a dream.

AMERICANS

By Emanuel Pfeiffer

Nine o'clock of a winter's night; cold, bitter cold, and it pierced through the thin coat of Pietro Marino as he trod along the street to his home. Nine o'clock; a winter's night, dark save for the lights that accentuated the loneliness of the street. Yet a light burned brilliantly in Pietro's eyes, for was he not going home to his Maria and to that daughter whose beauty made him wonder that he, poor, unknown common laborer, should possess so wonderful an offspring.

Pietro might only be known as "B 52" in the great factory, but to Madre he was "care mio," with that accent of sunny Italy and to his Angelina he was "pop" with that snap that was of this America. She was some daughter, was Angelina. Her father might be called "wop" by some of those fresh young Americans, but she was "yank." She was "whata I mean, one granda girl. She goes to da High School. She's a goin' what you call commence' next week. She's da best looking keed in her class, and I tell you, she smart! Why her pop no can understand da Engleesh what she speak."

Ah, here was his home. Third floor back. Pietro climbed the stairs wearily. Twelve hours in a factory where machines ground away rumbling and snarling, where the whirl of motors and pulleys screamed aloud of the fervour and lust of industry, were telling on him.

But when the foreman comes to one and says, "What say there, bo? We've gotta get this job out in a hurry, gotta finish it tonight!" And when overtime means an added few dollars in the yellow envelope that each man receives each pay-day, one must work, that's all!

Here was his door at last, and with his hand on the knob, Pietro stopped to inhale the odor of that Italian stew that only his Maria could make. He opened the door and from a seat beside the stove his wife sprang up and as she had been doing every night upon his home-coming for the last twenty years, she gave Pietro a smacking kiss of welcome.

The same love that had flourished under the warm skies of Milan when Pietro, young and handsome, had strummed his guitar and had sung such beautiful Italian words of endearment to her; that same love that

had blossomed when Pietro the envy of a hundred pair of eyes had danced the "tarantella" with her as his partner; that same love that had blossomed when Pietro with his glorious tenor had sung that song of songs "O Solo Mio" still lived. And though her raven hair was streaked with a white of life's winter, and though those unruly sable locks that had given and added attractiveness to her Pietro, were no more, and on the face that had known the red blush of the rose was now marked increased by the march of years and though the olive handsomeness of Pietro's features had been displaced by the lines of care, yet he knew only the same sweetheart who had said "si" when more than twenty years ago he had asked her to take the name of Marino for her own, and she knew only the same lover who had gazed at her in such admiration when the priest had made them one.

A man may be afflicted with an inferiority complex out in the by-ways of every day life. He may be humiliated, looked down upon as a social inferior, but when that man comes into the warmth of his own humble home he is recreated. A man is king in his own hearth. "B 52," the human machine in the Assembling Department, had become Pietro de Marino, as Madre took off his coat and hat. He became a titled nobleman as she set on the table that delicious stew, the long flat Italian bread, the ever present bottle of blood-red wine and the Italian newspaper which Pietro always read while he ate, and which seemed to complete this little bit of sunny Italy tucked away in a great material nation.

The home of a king was never like this, the home of Pietro Marino. A little kitchen, a stove, a table, chairs, pictures and love, and it was an ideal haven. The long hours in the rumbling factory could not dull the warmth in Pietro's heart, and the time between the biting gray winter dawn and the dark cold night was filled with the glows of a man's affection for wife, child, and a home. And here it was, Maria sitting there beside the stove watching that he eat his fill; Pietro eating with a zest that only hard labor could arouse; and opposite him his daughter, bent over books.

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Those books and writings were marvelous, awe-some things to Maria. Her life had not known learning. The mother who should have made childhood years, replete with love, had died when Maria was an infant, and she had known only a sorrowful father's negligence and the beatings and cursings of strange women. So it was, that she was scarcely able to go into the world alone, she knew the drudgery of a servant girl. And then had come Pietro, who like an ancient knight, had rescued her from misery and had filled the void of her life, with respect and love. So it was that she had not even stood on the threshold of the world of knowledge and she viewed with a delighted awe as her daughter read pages that were for her a perpetual secret. Had she had opportunities she might have been great, for she sometimes felt within her some inexpressible beauty. She was imaginative, and she always saw her Angelina as some noble lady, who would honor her father and mother.

As for Angelina, at this moment she was unable to thoroughly concentrate upon her work. She was at an age when her mind began to take impressions keenly, and the contrast between her home and the things that she knew outside grated upon her. In the great school that she attended they were all equal, but when the classes were at an end the bond between them snapped and they were on different planes. And Angelina because of a certain intelligence and beauty had been led into homes where there had been no poverty. She compared them with her own. She was unable yet to find cause for things and she knew only a growing dissatisfaction with her lot. Her friends had better homes, clothes, and surroundings than she, and though they were too broad-minded to say anything to her, she felt abashed. And now at the table she watched her parents. The language that they spoke suddenly seemed harsh to her ears. In the pages spread before her were the thoughts of inspired men set down in divine English and here her father and mother spoke of commonplace things in a foreign language.

She had met the fathers of some of her friends; jovial Americans who joked and laughed and who allowed much to their children. She saw her father a little immigrant who worked on and on with no thought of a better position in life, who knew nothing of American ideas. She looked around at the kitchen

and saw the yellow paint; the fluttering gas jet; the cracked oil cloth; and she felt that if a friend were to come here she would feel ashamed. She thought of the graduation that was but a few weeks away and of the plans that others were making for dresses, parties, and college and she —? Her mother had not even spoken of the graduation gown.

She was about to speak, but the words on her tongue were in English and she knew that her mother would not understand. She changed her words to that other language and said, "Madre, what of my dress for graduation?"

Madre turned and spoke as if some secret of hers had been guessed.

"Ah, Angelina, your mother has thought of that. Today I bought some wonderful goods and you shall have a gown such as no others shall have, and made by your own Madre, too." She arose and hurried into a room, and came out with some flimsy white material and showed it to Angelina.

"But Madre," Angelina was saying, "all the others have their dresses bought in the great stores. How would I look if I were to come in a gown made by you?"

Madre seemed hurt. She had planned her daughter's graduation gown with that same happiness that she had planned the tiny baby dresses. They could not afford to pay a price for store clothes. She told Angelina this, but the girl arose crying.

"I wear the same poor things, day after day, while other girls have so many dresses. They go for pleasure, while I remain at home. Their parents give them everything, while I ask only for one thing, and that, too, is refused me."

The thoughts that had been in her mind before made Angelina give vent to a denouncement of her surroundings; her privileges; and the freedom accorded her by her parents. The father and mother gazed in surprise as she walked out of the room and angrily shut the door behind her. Maria sat with tears in her eyes. Pietro stood up shocked and surprised. Madre rose after an interval and slowly swept away the remains of Pietro's supper, tidied the kitchen, while her husband simply said, "She shall have the gown."

A hurt mother and father retired to a troubled sleep and as the blackness of night had scarce been inter-

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spersed with the grey streaks that heralded a new dawn, they were up to the labor of another day.

* * * * *

Myriad clusters of lights, a vast auditorium, the murmur of many voices, the rustle of clothing, the scurrying amid nearly filled rows of seats, smilingly nervous mothers, seriously calm fathers, awe-stricken children, a platform with tiers of chairs, ribbons and flowers and perfumes and powders and—Graduation night! Music—a hush, and down the aisle a slow parade of beautiful excited youth. Youth with the incomparable flush of nervousness, marching on in an epoch of life. Birth—marriage—death and this—epochs of life. No wonder then that mothers gazed with tear-filled eyes at those who not so long ago had held with tiny hands their breasts in fear of the world and who now were walking their way alone, so bravely into the Battle of Life.

There is the beauty that lies between adolescence and maturity, the innocence and trust, that is the treasure of youth before the door of life has been opened, and now they sat there in white, waiting for the words of him who had led their lives through the years of learning. This man whose eyes were like steel with a soul had seen many such scenes as this, but yet it always thrilled him that he had done a little to make men and women towards a better world.

Up there amid the others sat Angelina. Many an eye had she attracted. The beauty of her face was intensified by that blush of excited red. Her long, black hair contrasted with the white of her dress and her eyes, they were proud, Italian eyes. A rose in her hair and she would have been the belle to whom lovers carolled. A silken shawl around her and she would have been the Spanish senorita for whose smiles toreadors played with death. But here she was Angelina Marino, daughter of a poor laborer who toiled and sweated in a great building whose owner he had never seen.

She looked down into the sea of faces and saw her parents. Why was it that her father never could wear his tie correctly? Why was it that his clothes always looked shabby, and her mother—that dress seemed so antiquated and her hat, she had not taken it off, and it sat so awkwardly on her head. Why was it that almost all the others were so well-dressed and her peo-

ple seemed so shabby? That was it—they were selfish, as selfish to themselves as they were to her.

Out there sat Pietro and Maria. Those introductory words that the man in the frock coat spoke she could not understand. She wanted to ask Pietro for he was wise and knew the language, but he seemed so engrossed that she dared not interrupt him. So she stared at her Angelina. Seventeen years ago, a whimpering soft little babe was lying in her arms, a little thing whose tiny hands reached out to her seeking love. And she had given it love, and the pain of her body, to see her Angelina grow by leaps into that daughter who now sat there so aloof from her. Something like a great lump of sorrow came into her throat. There had been seventeen years of bliss for her, years when her little daughter had crept into her arms and had whispered into her ears, her woes and troubles. But now she had secrets of her own that she shared not with her, who was the world's best confidante, but with others, and slowly, surely she was drifting away from the heart and love of a mother. * * * * *

Pietro sat there, as if listening to the principal, but he too was deep in thought. What a democracy this nation was. Here was he an unimportant cog in a great industrial machine sitting side by side with people, some richer than he, some as poor as he, and some perhaps, humbler; people whose children associated on a common footing. There was Angelina sitting as proud as any, as wise as any, and had as much learning as any.

The principal had spoken, the class had sung something harmonious; trembling youths and maidens had presented well drilled speeches, and now a man arose to say some words.

The graduates were gazing at the audience, the audience for the greater part was staring at the graduates, and at first they did not seem interested in the words of the speaker, but finally he spoke of Americans and good Americans and they listened, for here was a body of people who had come thousands of miles across a watery desert, from far off lands, to seek freedom and opportunities, and they were anxious to be good Americans. Pietro heard, and Angelina knew that this man would show her father how to be a real American.

He spoke of Washington and Lincoln, of how they had loved their country. How they had given their all for their country. He spoke of ideals, of people

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who had died for them. He spoke of the dreams that men had had to make a glorious nation, and how they had died to make their dreams come true. Then finally he said —

"The patriotism that is ideal comes from people such as I see before me. Patriotism, and in our case, Americanism, is not a spontaneous feeling that is incited at a national crisis, it is the constant struggle and sacrifice for some ideal. You men and women here have labored for the attainment of a perfect end, and that is, that your children might be the possessors of an education; and in so doing you have been the means of securing for our country, Americans who have been instilled with the idea of good citizenship.

"To the person whose financial standing is such that it matters little whether his children secure an education or not, aside from a parent's interest, perhaps my words are not as applicable as to those whose days are spent within factory walls, to earn a meagre living, and who, though denying themselves, make it possible for their children to lift themselves to a higher pedestal in life.

"By the force of circumstance these people are unable to speak our language proficiently, are unable to thoroughly assimilate our ideas, and because they serve their children to the point of self-denial, they may not in the matter of outward appearance seem the picture of a model American, so that their offspring oftentimes are ashamed of them and even look down upon them. These children are performing the role of a traitor, for they are ashamed of a person who has attained the heights of patriotism and who is the only person entitled to the highest respect that one can give.

"You young people, if any of you are guilty of such sentiment, you are the victims of an inverted sense of value. The cheapness and show that you see around you are not Americanism—Americanism is anything that is deep and inspiring, anything that entails sacrifice and love."

Angelina had heard something she had not expected and she had been moved as never before. If what this man had said was true, then her father and mother were Americans and she was a traitor. She suddenly felt small. She saw her father in his real light, bent over a machine all day, repeating the same monotonous process, day after day, giving his life's strength away,

gladly and uncomplainingly for her. She saw her mother, bent over a wash board, scrubbing away till her hands were red and puffy, wearing the same thread-bare clothes year after year, knowing little pleasure, gladly, uncomplainingly for her. And then she saw that the diploma she was about to receive was not hers, but theirs, her parents. They had worked for it, not she; she had but accepted what they had to offer, without question. * * * *

What was this, her name was being called, "Angelina Marino"—they were calling her to give her the symbol of four years of labor and she was to take it. She stood up and as if in a maze, walked slowly to the principal, who with extended hand, held the rolled parchment. He called her name and she slowly, doubtfully took it, looked around, saw her own Madre with tears of joy running down her wrinkled cheeks, saw her Padre smiling proud, and she turned and ran off the platform, and mid all the people, to her mother and father.

"Padre and Madre, here, I do not deserve this, it is for you," and she embraced her father and her mother and kissed them with a strange fervor, crying, and with a reborn love for the best and noblest two people in the world."

WHAT IS A FRIEND?

By Sonia Goldberg

What is a friend? To answer this is quite a task. According to my understanding, a friend is like a mask. Always hiding the truth, seeming so good and true. But when you need him most, he turns his back to you. Again, a friend is like a beautiful, burning fire. Which, while well fed to serve you, will never tire. Lest you forget to feed it no longer it will burn. Its real, cold nature on you it will turn. Friends are not lasting, friends are not true. When they find they can derive no more from you. I hope I am wrong, yet I greatly fear. Friends are like actors, never sincere.

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THE VALLEY OF WHITE WATER

By Harold A. Goldberger

As the smiling countenance of old Sol slowly disappeared over the blue horizon of the calm and majestic Pacific, a ship of huge proportions from the salmon fisheries of Vancouver, slipped quietly into the harbor of the "Golden Gate City," and docked at the pier.

Before unloading its cargo of freshly caught salmon from the beautiful winding rivers of the Canadian province, it set upon the shore its one and only passenger. The lone traveller was a young man; not only was he a man, but a perfect specimen of a man. As he cast his light blue eyes over the sky-line of the city, his body formed a silhouette against the quiet and silvery water behind him. A strong sturdy frame was an asset he could well be proud of. He stood six feet tall; a mighty pair of shoulders supported his fine Anglo-Saxon features and a crop of yellow hair topped his high forehead. Truly, this handsome traveller from the North was a modern Adonis! But wait! Was he from the North? Temporarily he was, for he had just returned from a five year sojourn as a lumberjack in the wilds of Northern Canada.

He was happy, as happy as a two year old babe. And why should he not be? He had done what others had said he could not do. For, in a period of five years he had earned his own living as a hearty lumber-jack in the far, northern province of Canada, a territory which he had never before seen. Now he was a full-fledged woodsman, hardened by experience and educated further in the various phases of nature. He was a man, well able to forage for himself when left in the wilderness of the bleak and unmerciful North.

The lone traveller hurriedly traced his steps to the ticket-office, where he purchased a one-way ticket to New York. Then he made a bee-line for the depot and was just in time to hear the train-caller announce his train in a stentorian voice. After seeing to his baggage, he boarded his train and quickly went to his berth. He passed a fair night in sleep and awoke with dawn. As he gazed out of the window, he saw golden fields of wheat fly by, followed by fields of corn and potatoes and orchards of various kinds. Now the train sped over a bridge which spanned a fair-sized

and beautiful lake. He quietly noticed all of Nature's wonders and admired them only as a true son of Nature can.

Bruce Kane, millionaire's son, Princeton graduate and would-be author of *Nature*, stretched his arms luxuriously and with a heave was up and dressing, long before any of his train companions, who were still enmeshed in the unconsciousness of sleep.

As he went through the various tonsorial operations he hummed snatches of songs and ditties of the North, a perfect example of contented youth. On entering the dining car he was surprised to find that no one with the exception of the waiter was there. He sat down at his assigned table and ordered his breakfast. He was eating when he heard voices behind him—the male voice seeming rather familiar, but being too well bred to turn around, he continued with his meal.

However, to Bruce's surprise the approaching passengers stopped at his table and a booming voice burst out: "Well—I'll be a monkey's uncle—Bruce Kane!"

Bruce gaped and his spoon clattered to the floor as he eagerly grasped his old chum's hand.

"Tommie!" he exclaimed. "Tommie Ballard, you big, overgrown kid, how are you?"

For the moment the two friends were so engrossed in one another that they had almost forgotten Tommie's lady-companion. With an apology, Tommie turned and smilingly introduced his sister, Marie Ballard.

With a chic little smile and a flash of deep brown eyes, Marie gladly acknowledged the introduction. Then all three sat down to the table and spoke easily as the train rattled its way across the continent. As they warmed up to the various subjects, Bruce and Marie became so absorbed in one another as to entirely forget Tommie. He, with a grin on his pleasant features, slyly slipped away on some pretext and left the two to enjoy themselves in their own company.

Their companionship was strengthened when conversation revealed that she was a budding but so far unsuccessful authoress while he, on the other hand was a would-be author. Thus time passed and the five days of their journey across the continent were

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thoroughly enjoyed by the young couple, together with Tommie, who always discreetly left the two to themselves whenever he possibly could.

The day arrived when the train wound its way through the blue Appalachians and Pennsylvania into New York. It approached its final stop, the Grand Central Station, with a hoarse whistle and a grinding of brakes, where there began a hustle and bustle within the train.

Tom and Bruce looked after their baggage and were soon bidding one another temporary, but nevertheless, warm farewells, and after exchanging hasty invitations for prompt visits they parted—Bruce with a joyous heart that sung gaily as he recalled the smile Marie had given him. He hurried home and found his mother and father anxiously awaiting his arrival. Mr. Kane, Bruce's stately old father, plied him with questions and informed him of all the latest events, from the last World's series, to the now existing conditions of Wall Street. Thus a happy evening was spent by the little family. Morning brought to Bruce the arduous but pleasant task of looking up his old friends and visiting the old clubs.

As the day neared its end, Bruce remembered his invitation and promise to be with the Ballards for dinner. Consequently he hurried home and after changing to his evening clothes, drove up Fifth Avenue in his little red roadster. He came to an abrupt stop in front of a beautiful brown stone house, the home of the Ballards.

He briskly walked up the steps and rang the door bell. A moment later he was ushered in by the butler who removed his coat and hat. Here he was greeted by Tommie, and arm in arm they entered the living room where Bruce was introduced first to Mrs. Ballard—a sweet-faced and elderly lady who greeted him warmly.

In a softly modulated voice she spoke: "My, so you are the Bruce, I am deeply honored," and she glanced roguishly at Marie. "Why, I remember how Tommie raved to us about how you won the Harvard game after a thrilling run some years ago."

Bruce laughed. "Nonsense," he said with a wry smile.

Now the Colonel came forward, a portly old gentleman who was peculiarly addicted to twinkling his merry grey eyes.

"Ah—h—em," he announced. "Perhaps, my

dear fellow, you would like to possess yourself of a little extra money." He leaned over and whispered, "Give any odds on Tumbellin in the fourth race at Belmont!"

He slapped his thigh and shouted, "I tell you, he's a sure winner."

At this all started to laugh while the Colonel glared angrily at them and slowly stalked away, outraged.

"You see," explained Tommie. "Dad is wild about horses and whenever he can, he speaks about them. For you know, he possesses one of the finest stables in the country."

Here conversation was temporarily halted when dinner was served.

After dinner the two elder Ballards began their nightly argument in bridge. Tommie joined them, thus leaving Bruce and Marie to amuse themselves. The young couple fell into conversation and thus passed a most enjoyable evening. Before leaving, Bruce asked Marie to ride with him on the morrow. She consented and here began their whirlwind courtship.

Days passed and a month later they were married.

However, coming from adventurous stock, the young couple decided to plan a novel honeymoon by going back to live like primeval man cut off from the world for a year; and while they were there to write a book. This unique plan would give them a great deal of publicity and thus insure the success of their book.

Everything worked out fine and a few days later they were speeding across the continent.

One bright, sunny morning the young couple found themselves in the little Canadian town of Stormont. They passed their first week intimately studying Nature and having a grand time.

The day arrived. Early in the morning they set out in the canoe down the river. It was a beautiful day. The shining stern of the birch canoe cleaved the calm water as Bruce paddled with mighty strokes. On they went and drifted for an hour and then came to a bend in the river where it branched off into two separate streams.

Bruce was not sure which was the right stream but thinking it made little difference, he turned into the stream on the left. Little did he realize what the consequences of this act would be.

The canoe drifted on down the river with ever in-

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creasing momentum and then suddenly as they turned a bend in the course of the water they heard a dull roaring sound. Bruce was puzzled. What could that sound be? Had he not left the rapids on the other branch of the river? But too late, he realized his mistake and before his eyes the white foam of the rapids rose up with ever increasing speed. He gave Marie a paddle with directions to hold it straight down in the water without moving it. He figured this would make their craft steady and make steering less difficult for him.

Now the canoe was speeding quickly toward the rapids. In a few seconds they would be in the raging waters. The slender boat was rushing toward certain destruction with the velocity of a bullet.

The racing canoe sped past the careening landscape into the stretch of raging water whose fury and power had been the roaring gift of the Mountain and Rain Gods to the rocky valley of the White Water.

Bruce felt a sudden coldness creep up and grip his heart as the ugly features of black jutting rocks suddenly jumped into view on right and left. Marie grew white, but her spirits soared. She laughed wildly as the rushing waters snarled about her. She didn't fear them. It was in her blood. But the raging stream seemed to stretch eager hands around the canoe, as if desirous of carrying it down to the deep depths of its cavernous bottoms.

Bruce fought hard with his paddle, his former wood-lore and experience standing him in good stead in his hour of need. His powerful arms ploughed up and down into the water with the strength of a beating triphammer.

Suddenly a big black boulder loomed before them.

A moment later Bruce found himself struggling in the raging billows—struggling for dear life. Now he was sucked down into a whirlpool—now he bobbed up over the surface and he ploughed the water with his arms seeking to preserve the fast ebbing strength and to gasp a lung full of air.

A silent calm pervaded the woods and the gleaming rays of the sun cast flitting shadows on the sandy shore. Ah!—here the sun cast its rays upon an object lying prone on the ground. It moved—. And with a seemingly gigantic effort the object raised itself barefely off the ground, but with a deep sigh it relaxed and slipped back to its former position. Suddenly from around a bend on the shore there appeared

and with a scream staggered to his side. Sobbing, murmured incoherently, "speak to me." He weakly she lifted his head to her lap. "Bruce, Bruce," she Marie, wild-eyed and exhausted. She espied Bruce, lifted his head and smiled wryly at her.

Time sped by and Bruce had fully recovered. The young couple were supreme in their enjoyment of life. The secrets of the woods were already theirs. With their one pad and pencil, their book progressed, slowly at first, but later, very fast. While Bruce would sit on a bank of moss and write, Marie would take their newly constructed canoe and explore the surrounding country. She loved the songs of the trees and the humming sound that the waters made as they turbulently flowed on forever; it was music in her ears. It was the very essence of life.

So passed many weeks. It was rapidly approaching the day when they would again mingle with civilization. The book was almost completed. As they sat on the shore, one cool night, with the moon and stars so luminous and blinking, they sighed.

"My, Bruce dear," echoed Marie. "No more cave man stuff for us. We'll soon be leaving."

"Righto, old dear," answered Bruce, as he squeezed her hand. "It's back to li'l old N'Yawk for us, although I hate to go."

A coppery day—hot and stifling, the two sat in the new canoe and set out to enter civilization again, from whose portals they had left one year ago.

Under the dexterous strokes of both, the canoe shot along swiftly, and just as darkness fell they drew up at Lansit.

At first they were looked upon curiously, but when everything was explained and Bruce had shown the people the book as conclusive proof, they were joyously acclaimed.

A month passed. The literary world was astounded by the book written by Bruce and Marie. It was a clever piece of work and was made all the more so by the wizard-like publicity it had received.

Everything was joyous in the Kane household.

Bruce and Marie were the happy recipient of hundreds of congratulatory letters.

"I tell you," whispered Bruce as he crushed Marie to him, "if anyone had a little wife like you, he'd be bound to succeed."

A long drawn out sigh was the only answer as Marie snuggled closer in her husband's arms.

SENIORS IN 1934



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RHYMES OF OUR SENIORS

By Sadie Goldberg

James Apostolakos, his very name,
Represents his ability and his great fame,
In the C, B, and A Class an office he had
He is indeed a fine young lad.

Frances Grau is a sweet young lass,
And is a hard worker for her class,
Editor-in-Chief of the PIVOT is she,
For she has the tact and ability.

Malcolm McClinchie you all must know,
A friend to all, to none a foe,
Stately in manner and form is he
May good fortune with him ever be.

Alice Freeman lives a life of solitude,
Very quiet and yet not a prude,
Good at her studies for she is wise,
In her life station she is sure to rise.

Joseph Rosenbloom is a jolly boy,
Happy-go-lucky and full of joy,
He is a favorite with his class,
And very popular with every lass.

Harold A. Goldberger of his hair we must rave,
It is hard to find a prettier permanent wave,
At the present time we find Harold quite shy,
We are sure he'll be different by and by.

Arthur Miele deserves great praise,
He has made worth while his High School days.
In Biology he does excellent work,
For his duties he never does shirk.

Pauline Ebenfeld we will remember ever more
Girls like her, we will always adore,
Does her work as she's required,
And of helping, never will tire.

Leo Klein will receive an English "C",
For President of the Service Boys is he
In athletics much experience he's had,
He's the kind that will get ahead.

WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF??

All the freshies weren't so dumb
Eddie Seligman's hands were tied
Mr. Smith went hoarse
If Fannie Skoloff powdered her nose
Targer didn't write a story for the PIVOT
Rosenbloom ceased to act
Frances Grau didn't say, "What have you done for
the PIVOT?"
Apostolakos lost his drag with Mr. Schleicher
Everybody went to the study hall
Goldberger lost his brief case
Rabstein wasn't so convincing
Peggy Jaffee lost her freckles
Jessie Granick bobbed her hair
Schilling lost his vaseline
McClinchie didn't wear a fraternity pin
Bocchini raised a racket
Fidel forgot how to dance
Bruder kept out of the PIVOT office
L. Goldberg made a date
E. Rose lost her wicked stare
Everyone had as long a lunch period as he wanted
If freshies and sophomores bought a PIVOT
Yes! I wonder!

A SENIOR'S ORDEAL

By Mitchel Rabstein

The haughty Senior sits and waits,
The Photographer procrastinates,
"Please turn this way, now please turn back,
What did you say? What was that crack?
Your feet don't match, your are flat,
Your feet don't match, your ears are flat,
Now look right here, don't close your eye.
Say, move up near, you're some dumb guy.
Now watch me close, don't wriggle so.
Oh, what a nose, Snap, Finished, Go."

Compliments of

SENIOR CLASS

303 A. M.



"HEZEKIAH'S COUNTRY STORE"

On May 8 and 9, one of the most successful plays ever produced in Central, was given by the class of August, 1924. "Hezekiah's Country Store" was presented under the direction and supervision of Mr. Charles W. Bahn, the author, who hails from Harrisburg, Pa.

Although a plot was missing, "Hezekiah's Country Store" was consistent in that it gave in details the occurrences in a country store from opening to closing time of one day. This play consists of two acts, one in the morning and the other in the afternoon.

It is hard to say who is the leading man or lady in this play, but it is quite evident that Emanuel Pfeiffer, who took the part of Hezekiah, had the most difficult, if not amusing, role. Maude Schwartz, who was his wife, Matilda, helped in the store, and caused much mirth by her funny antics.

Anna Barrett and James Apostolakos, as Mary Anne and Si, respectively, portrayed a very comical courtship of rubes.

Archie Lasser displayed his talents with his colored-folk's dances and songs, and Anna Kapp, hers of acting as a colored woman.

The three Chronic Old Loafers, Edward Seligman, Anthony Restivo, and Max Goldberg afforded a great deal of laughter.

Sarah Jane, taken by Rose Goodman, and Ezekiel, her husband, by Jesse Frank, showed the trials and tribulations of a family in which everyone possessed a different disposition.

By way of contrast and diversion, the chorus, con-

sisting of twelve girls, contributed songs and dances to the program.

"Hezekiah's Country Store," it is agreed by all, was a booming success both socially and financially.

THE ARCHONS

At last the reward has come for the grinds and seekers of knowledge at Central. The reward of scholarship is a new club formed at Central, "The Archons," (meaning "The Leaders" in Greek). The motive of this club is to represent the highest standards of study in Central and to represent the school at all crises when its honor is at stake. Only those who have never failed any major subject after having been at Central for at least three successive terms are eligible for membership.

"The Archons" is a miniature of the famous Phi Beta Kappa, the honorary college society. We hope that other high schools will follow our example and establish similar clubs with a common bond between all. One purpose of this club is to spread Central's fame by means of newspapers, cartoons and speakers. Another is to raise the standard of scholarship here. The Archon Club is backed by the entire faculty.

Its officers are: Haig Demerjian, President; Gladys Nusbaum, Vice-President, and Mollie Klein, Secretary. The meetings are held every Thursday at 2:20 in Room 312.

We want to make Central first and best. Let it be: "Archons for a better Central."

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GIRLS' SERVICE CLUB

The first meeting of the term resulted in the following elections: President, Anna Kapp; Vice-President, Betty Surles; Secretary, Theckla Wellman; Treasurer, Rose Cooperman.

Miss Rosecrans, who has been Faculty Advisor of the club since its formation, is bidding good-bye to us for a year's leave of absence. Miss Beane has been chosen as the new advisor.

On the Thursday before Miss Rosecrans left, the girls planned a little party, held in the North Lunch Room. The tables were arranged very prettily. Mr. Wiener, Mr. Smith, Miss Martin, Miss Liebshutz, and the new advisor, Miss Beane, were present. Many of the teachers and girls spoke of the good work Miss

SPANISH CLUB

The Spanish Club held a regular meeting the second Wednesday of the term. The following officers were elected:

President, Joseph N. Rosenbloom; Vice-President, Harold Goldberger; Secretary, Barney Weisberg; Faculty Advisor, Mr. Armao.

The officers and members of the club expect to accomplish a great deal in furthering their purpose of making Spanish interesting and desirable to all high school students. In order to become a member, the minimum requirement is one year of Spanish and one year of some other foreign language. Meetings are held every two weeks; at the last meeting "La Prensa," a Spanish paper was discussed, and the Spanish newspaper jargon was compared with that of the English papers.

Barney Weisberg, the well known hootch trainer, says one swallow doesn't make a summer, but it often makes a friend.

Our idea of extravagance is offering a Freshman a penny for his thoughts.

BOYS' SERVICE CLUB

On June 3rd, 1924, the Service Club held their first meeting of the term. Elections of officers took place and the following were elected:

President, Leo Klein; Vice-President, Joseph Bocchini; Secretary, Harold Goldberger.

The old purpose of the Service Club is still the aim of the present officers and members, that is to do all that can be done in every way for our Alma Mater.

Each member of this Club must do his bit to help lead the student body to the top in keeping the school ahead in all activities. To do this, each term the Service Club holds a Freshman Rally to acquaint its freshmen with the rules and regulations of Central.

The following committees were appointed; English C Committee, Leo Klein, Chairman, Morris Targer and Joseph Bocchini; Entertainment, James Apostolakis, Chairman, Joseph Rosenbloom and Max Walters; Membership, Leonard Goldberg, Chairman, Fred Frankle.

ALCESTIS SUCCESSFULLY PRESENTED

A play based on the Greek legend of Alcestis was presented on Thursday and Friday evenings, June 19 and 20, at the Central High School Auditorum. This marks the first presentation by a Newark school of a Greek play. It was very well performed, and received great applause.

The work of Anton Bundsman in the role of Apollo was admirable. He was ably supported by a large cast including Dore Schary, Elizabeth O'Rourke, Vivian de St. Maurice, Charles Danzig, Nora Middleton, Kathleen Middleton, Victor De Filippo, Robert Weiss, Irving Cohen, Helen Wood, Grace Leonard, Milton Cohn, Marjory Hennessey, Alex Cohen, Mildred Heskett, Ruth Donaldson, Nicholas Di Nardo, William Cavanaugh.

It was literally a school production, for not only were the actors all students, but words and music were written by the members of the faculty and costumes and setting were designed and made in class room and shop.

THE PIVOT

The manuscript was written by Benjamin R. Stolper of the English Department, and who also had charge of rehearsals. The musical motifs were also created by Mr. Stolper. R. A. Laslett Smith, head of the Music Department arranged the music based on these motifs and trained the singers and led rehearsals of pupils who played the cymbals, coronet and violin behind the scenes. The rhythms and dances were directed by Miss Katherine E. Quinn of the Department of Physical Instruction.

Costumes were made under the direction of Miss Louise E. Lovell of the Domestic Art Department, and the color schemes and grouping and poster announcements were worked out in the Art Department by the head, J. Earl Griffith, and Miss Martha Hastings, an instructor, and pupils.

The care for details was illustrated by the making of a Greek Chair which was used on the stage. It was sketched from a Greek vase by Miss Lida Lavers of the History Department, and working drawings were made by Charles F. Moore, head of the Manual Training Department. The wood-working was done by two students of the Technical Course, Fred Rommel and Joseph Lamperiello. The shepherd's crooks were designed and built by Mr. Stanley Janulis, Department of Shops.

The box-office was managed successfully by Mr. David Skolnik, Department of Mathematics.

DANTE LITERARY SOCIETY REORGANIZED

At a meeting held on June 10, 1924, the Dante Literary Society was re-organized. Mr. Morrow consented to be the faculty advisor of the society. Elections took place and the following officers were elected:

President, Dominick Matturri; Vice-President Esther Matturri; Secretary, Beatrice Centanni; Treasurer, Joseph Marotta.

A Program Committee was appointed, which will arrange a new program at every meeting.

The purpose of the Club is to promote a habit of reading, particularly in Italian Literature. Meetings are held on Wednesday, the eighth period in 403. New members are invited to attend.

4B CLASS

President, Irving Mandelbaum; Vice-President, Nathan Brody; Secretary, Evelyn Hyble; Treasurer, Lee Skolnick.

The above officers were elected at the first meeting of the 4B Class. On the Executive Committee are, Helen Balshan, Freda Sternberg and Olga Lesh.

The 4B Class under the supervision of Mr. Berk, their faculty advisor, is planning to have a dance and a ride to Pleasantdale this term in order to make money for their 4A Class.

4C CLASS

The 4C Class organized and elected the following officers:

President.....	Charles Sheldon
Vice-President.....	Bertha Willner
Secretary.....	Mary Bender
Treasurer.....	Fae Brodsky
Faculty Advisor.....	Miss Bailly

The President appointed the following on the Ways and Means Committee: Rose Cooperman, Bertha Willner, John Di Carlo, Joseph Medresch and Mary Bender.

The class ran a sport dance the 26th of June. The Dance was a success because of the splendid co-operation of the members. The Class promises to be a great success. Keep it up!

GIRLS' SWIMMING CLUB

At the reorganization meeting of the Girls' Swimming Club, on Thursday, June 19, the following girls were elected to hold office:

President, Martha Helfer; Vice-President, Eleanor Taub; Secretary, Etta K. Cohen; Treasurer, Mae Flaschner; G. O. Delegate, Frieda Sternberg.

The girls are planning to hire one of the private pools for Wednesday afternoons, so as to teach and practice the art of swimming. A committee in charge of Dora Merkin, was appointed to find out all details for gold pins, which are going to have the club's insignia on them.

THE LITERARY CLUB

The Literary Club, with Miss Emma A. Bailly as its faculty advisor, was re-organized at the beginning of this term.

Charles Sheldon was re-elected to the office of president; the other officers were elected as follows:

Vice-President, Jessie Granick; Secretary and Treasurer, Mary Liska; G. O. Delegate, Emma Lanza.

So many new members joined that the club became too large to handle; there are thirty-nine regular members and three honorary members. As a result, the president appointed a Membership Committee, which consists of the four officers, Alice Kreie, Donald McKay, and Marie Guthrie. The committee has decided to close the membership to girls, as there are only six boys in the club.

The president also appointed an Outing Committee of five. The president is chairman, and the other four members are Leona Herber, Mildred Solomon, Rose Cooperman, and Louis Raymond.

The president reads all classes of short stories at the club meetings. He also reads clippings which the members take out of newspapers and magazines, such as parodies, humorous articles and poems, etc.

John Di Carlo, under the name of Duke of Aint, writes mock minutes. He is now engaged in writing a burlesque on a dime novel. It is entitled, "An Aching Heart."

Charles Sheldon, the president, under the name of Prince of Bunk, has written a burlesque on a dime novel. It is titled "The Wooing of Princess Humbug." He read it to the club and it was received with great favor. The president used the titles of various members of the club for the characters of the novel, but no one was indignant when he suddenly discovered himself to be a "foul villain."

Each member of the club has a title by which he is known in the club. These names furnish much amusement.

Never go into the water after a hearty meal—you'll never find it there.

MATHEMATICS CLUB

The "Math Club" is gradually increasing its membership, and they welcome all those who are interested in mathematics. At these meetings very interesting talks are given by the teachers of the Mathematics Department.

The officers of the club are:

President Ferris Watts
Vice-President Malcolm McClinchie
Secretary Joseph Lampariello
Faculty Advisor Mr. H. Webb

CHESS AND CHECKERS CLUB

A reorganization meeting of the Chess and Checkers Club was held on Thursday, June 19. Election of officers was held and the following were elected:

President Joseph Bruder
Vice-President Charles Kolton
Secretary Freda Sternberg
Manager Jacob Schrull

Mr. Robert Remington has kindly consented to be our Faculty Advisor.

Members of the Chess and Checkers Club intend to run several Chess and Checkers tournament for boys and girls. As you doubtless remember the Chess and Checkers Club was formerly the leading club in Central, but due to the fact that most of the members have graduated there is now a lack of members in the club. Any boy or girl of the school is eligible to join. Up to now the following are on the Chess and Checker Team:

Checker Team. Joseph Bruder, Charles Shienbloom, David Goldberg, Charles Kolton.

Chess Team. Joseph Bruder, Hyman Mintz, Benjamin Tessler.

There is a match pending with Kearny High School in the near future.

STENOGRAPHIC NOTES

SECRETARIAL CLUB

OFFICIAL ROSTER

President	Robert Campiglia
Vice President	Frances Grau
Secretary	Martha Heslowitz
Treasurer	Nathan Mutnick
Custodian	Alice Freeman

Program Committee

Margaret Walker, *Chairman*
Gertrude Colin
Dorothy Roller

It is the third term the Secretarial Club has been organized, and the energetic manner in which the members have tried to make this club worth while, shows that such an organization is a decided asset to a commercial school.

All fourth year stenography and typewriting students are urged to join, for it is the aim of the club to give its members worth while information that will help them in their business career.

Due to the courtesy of Miss Helena L. Fitzsimmons, the Employment Manager, of L. Bamberger & Co., the members of the Secretarial Club were shown through the offices of Bambergers. Before going on the tour of inspection the members were entertained at luncheon. This courtesy on the part of Bamberger's helped quite a little in furnishing the members with information of how things are done in a large department store.

SHORTHAND CONTEST AT CENTRAL

On June 26, the Secretarial Club conducted a shorthand contest in which only members of the club were eligible to participate. The matter dictated was at 80 words a minute. One hour was allowed for transcription. Under the strict rules of marking, Alice Freeman came out first best, scoring a rating of 91½ per cent. Second place was awarded to Janet Galvin, who scored at rating of 89½ per cent. Prizes were awarded both girls. The members showed great interest in the contest. They were promised more of them from time to time.

OFFICIAL REPORTER

Alice Freeman was appointed as official reporter of the school to take notes of Mr. Wiener's speeches and student speakers in Assembly period.

Alice is one of our very best stenographers.

WITH OUR RECENT GRADUATES

Alice Cavanaugh and Elsie Fredericks are now employed in the Newark office of the New York Telephone Company.

Florence Moore and Frances Lee have splendid positions in the Chamber of Commerce.

Eva Gross and Florence Stein are employed as secretaries for the Y. M. & Y. W. H. A.

We wish these girls every success.

Mr. Telfer—In what book did you read that word?

L. Eisenberger—In the dictionary.

THE PIVOT

TYPEWRITING AWARDS

Bronze Bar

	Rate
Lena Eisenberger	50.8
Elsie Fredericks	51
Alice Freeman	59
Fannie Gelzon	51
Florence Grablowsky	52
Gertrude Trugman	51.6
Rose Yanowitz	53

Bronze Medal

	Rate
Sam Amster	43
Jenny Abramowitz	43
Sarah Aronowitz	42
Frieda Bippart	44.8
Grace Caffrey	46
Gertrude Colin	44
Gertrude Cook	45.8
Celia Goldberg	41
Jeannette Galvin	43
Sarah Gribelsky	43
Frieda Gutov	44
Anna Kulis	40
Florence Moore	43
Nathan Mutnick	42
Myrtle Myers	47
Margaret Patrick	48
Kate Pfeiffer	41
Rose Resnick	47.2
Dorothy Roller	44
Esther Satz	43
Estelle Windholtz	43
Hilda Zund	41

Special Remington Awards

	Rate
Eva Cohen	49.1
Harriet Fishbein	47.3
Alva Hokanson	48.4
Nathan Mutnick	40.5
Beatrice Schlosser	48.3
Marjorie Walsh	47.2

The prize awarded was a leather card case.
Florence Grablowsky won a gold medal with a record of 57.8.

Champion Typist's Honor Roll

	Record
March—May Smoleroff	60.5
April—Robert Campiglia	54.6
May—Alice Freeman	59.4
June—Gladys Tisch	57.5

HUMOROUS BLUNDERS OF STENOGRAPHERS

When Mr. Telfer visited the Secretarial Club at one of its meetings, he entertained them by reading some humorous blunders that have been made by stenographers at various times. We present some of them here for your amusement:

In dictating to a stenographer a synopsis of a case, lawyer said: "Plaintiff was the owner of a mill dam which supplies water with which to run a sawmill. The defendant, a competing sawmill owner, had threatened to cut the water from plaintiff's mill dam and thus prevent him from sawing logs with which to fill a certain order. Held, that injunction would lie."

This is the way it was transcribed: "Plaintiff was the owner of a mule team which supplies power with which to run a sawmill. The defendant, a competing sawmill owner, had threatened to cut the halter from plaintiff's mule team and thus prevent him from sawing logs with which to fill a certain order. Held, that injunction would lie."

During a political campaign the man dictated. "The chattering policy of the party is of an amazing sort. Irresponsible table seems to have taken the place of concerted action, so far as the lead's are concerned." But, according to the typewriter, he had declared, "The chattering Pollies of the party is an amazing sort. Irresponsible tick seems to have taken the place of concerted coin, as far as the leaders are concerned."

THE PIVOT

He had to admit that his employee had unknowingly written much truth.

A bright-haired, bonnie-faced girl, with a whole stack of diplomas and references, held a position with the man for one day. Seventy times and seven did he forgive her blunders during that day; but when, toward evening, he spake, "Fate, creeps slowly along Time's corridors," and she made it appear, "Feet creep slowly along Tom's car-doors," it was too much.

In another instance it was announced in reference to some of the stars of a metropolitan dog show, that "The Italian greyhound is a dog of high degree." The man read that he had avowed that "The Italian greyhound is a Dago of high dagger." This, by the way, was an illustrative instance of the manner in which the indifferent stenographer blunders to a conclusion, thus, "-g" is the outline for dog, dago, and several other words. "D-gr" is the outline of degree, dagger, and lots of other things. Now, a moment's reflection in connection with the context would have given the clue to the words that the outlines represented. But she had been impressed with the word "Italian" in the sentence. Now, "dago" being, in the vernacular, an Italian; "d-g" was surely dago, and as all dagoes are supposed to carry daggers why "d-gr" was of course "dagger" and there you are.

"Dennis, let him have the pass at cut rates" was transformed into "Dennis, let him have the pass at cat rates." When the man asked the typist what she meant by it she frankly answered that she didn't know.

Occasionally a new beast or bird is discovered by the typewriter; thus: "The sea-qual was, etc.," the

intention being, "The sequel was, etc." This was in line with a blunder made by the same girl, who avowed that a "gull sunk the schooner," instead of a "gale." On another occasion she declared that a pair of lovers "hatched up a pretty squirrel," instead of their having "patched up a petty quarrel."

Mr. J. N. Kimball, in an address to shorthand teachers said:

When I dictate something about the "tales of the monks of ye olden time," I don't like to find that I am mistaken and that it was monkeys which had the tails, not the monks, just because the outlines are alike.

And when I write to some bereaved friends and say things which I trust will "soften the force of the Blow," I mildly expostulate when I find myself telling them that "time will soften the fires of the below." And if I have occasion to rise in my wrath and tell some chap that he is "no account," it hurts my pride to find that I have only intimated that he is "knock-kneed."

Our flappers are rapidly disappearing, because there is too much maternal competition.

The girls intend keeping up their good work. They are entering heart and soul into the fight for all-year school.

TYPEWRITERS RENTED

SPECIAL RATES TO STUDENTS

Good Machines

Free Service

Free Delivery

American Writing Machine Company

30 CLINTON STREET
Mulberry 6224

449-455 CENTRAL AVENUE
Branch Brook 5400



THE VALUE OF A TECHNICAL COURSE

The boys of Newark do not realize the opportunities granted them by a Technical Course, such as is established in two of Newark's High Schools.

The student has a chance to develop thoroughly, the faculties of his mind in various ways by following a "Tech" course. Many chances are that a student will not be able to continue his education after graduating from High School because of financial reasons, therefore, he will find it necessary to train himself for a certain work, which will enable him to earn his "bread and butter" in the business world.

This very opportunity is given him by a Technical course which is not in every other course. For instance: After a pupil has received a technical education at school he may enter different sorts of professions; as a draftsman, wood worker, machinist or as a helper in a laboratory, all of which are based upon the learning he has obtained while at school. It will not be necessary to enter a college for further learning, because the student has built a foundation which is sufficient for the industrial world.

The "Tech" course enables one to learn the things which are in practical use on the outside such as, chemistry, physics and mathematics.

One cannot tabulate all the opportunities and benefits that a technical course has stored away for intelligent and ambitious boys, who desire to receive a sound footing in mechanics. The industrial world has its ranks always opened for well trained and well educated technical men, and there never will be a sufficient amount of men to fill those ranks.

It is, therefore, the purpose of the "Tech" Club to set an example for others and to show the people that a technical education given at Central High School is just the thing for boys who wish to enter the engineering line.

TECHNICAL CLUB

The main club under the technical course is the Technical Club.

Officers: President, Fred Rommel; Vice-President, Ferris Watts; Secretary, Joseph Lampariello; Treasurer, Malcolm McClinchie; Faculty Advisor, Mr. Murray.

On the membership committee are: Harold Landshoff, Chairman; Alfred Rich and Samuel Small, assistants.

THE PIVOT

The trip committee consists of—Anthony Dadezio, Chairman; Allan Patwitch and Blanford Alger, assistants.

The Technical Club, one of the oldest in the school is still very active in taking care of such things as will increase the knowledge of "Tech" students. The meetings are held on every Wednesday the eighth period, all those wishing to become members should kindly attend the next meeting.

BROOKLYN NAVY YARD

A very interesting trip was made by the Tech students in visiting the Navy Yard. We reached the Navy Yard late in the afternoon. After obtaining a guide, we were led then to the yard. There we saw many battleships in drydock. We were then taken upon the huge battleship, "Colorado" and shown over the main and upper decks. It was to our disappointment, however, to be told that the engine room was opened to visitors only on Sundays.

We saw the large guns, and one of the guides kindly explained the operation of the guns to us. The enormous and powerful searchlights were closely examined by some of us. The huge anchor and enormous chain attached to it surprised many of the "Tech" students.

After viewing a few other simple machines, our party left the ship and started for home. The majority found it a very instructive trip.

DUPONT PLANT

About eight selected boys made this trip to Dupont's paint factory on Vanderpool Street.

A guide thoroughly explained the making of the paint, telling us how the compound used for making the paint are crushed and mixed with other liquids, and the way the paint is turned into a solid state by using compression filters.

We were then shown the different stages that are passed through during the coloring of the paints. After the various colored paints have been reduced of their water by the compression filters they are only in a semi-

solid state. Then the paint is placed in huge ovens for twenty-four hours. The heat removes all the liquid and the paint is in a solid state, ready for shipment.

This sort of paint is on the style of white lead, only one can obtain different colored paints such as red, yellow, blue and white. The solid is very brittle and can easily be changed into a powder.

This trip was very instructive in chemistry, because various compounds, which are studied in chemistry, are explained thoroughly in the manufacturing of this paint.

CASTLE'S ICE CREAM COMPANY

The trip to Castle's was taken by more than twenty "Tech" students.

At first we were taken to the third floor, where we saw huge vats in which cream was pasteurized. We also saw large tanks, where the cream is mixed. We were then taken to the place where the pasteurized milk, obtained from the third floor, is flavored.

Then, on the first floor, we were told of the Heath Process, the secret of it being that the cream enters a cylindrical tank called "Beaters." Then the carbon dioxide is admitted into this tank, and the cream is beaten in an atmosphere of carbon dioxide which is over 98 per cent. pure.

We were also taken through the storage room, where the bricks of ice cream are laid on horizontal shelves and thus cooled.

The ice plant was also shown to us, which was very interesting. The guide led us into the room where the Arctic Sweethearts are made, and treated us to as much as we could eat. The fellows certainly had a fine time, and hope another trip will soon be taken.

These trips taken by the "Tech" club are very interesting and instructive, therefore we wish to encourage every "Tech" pupil to attend these trips for their own benefit.

It is very seldom that a boy has such opportunities offered him, and he should, therefore, grasp these opportunities and see what value they render him.

Join the clubs under the "Tech" Department and make yourself useful.

THE PIVOT

HONOR ROLL

MAY

101 A. M.
Malkin, Anna
Shaffer, Leon
109 A. M.
John Kantor
110 A. M.
Wilkinson, Edith
Geller, Sam
202 A. M.
Krasner, Joe
204 A. M.
Hinkley, Helen
Pilof, Florence
206 A. M.
Lieberman, Philip
211 A. M.
Birnbaum, Esther
Frucht, Hannah
Graham, Louise
Haskell, Ruth
Speros, Minnie
Wilson, Gertrude
213 A. M.
Feinerman, Bertha
Klein, Mollie
214 A. M.
Nusbaum, Gladys

215 A. M.
Doolittle, Alice
Goldman, Charles
215 P. M.
Waraft, Matilda
216 A. M.
Cavanaugh, Alice
216 P. M.
Hart, Loney
217 A. M.
Gavalas, Chrysonthea
218 A. M.
Anderson, Alice
Batis, Florence
Foley, Marie
Feldman, Bessie
219 A. M.
Gross, Ruth
303 A. M.
Cox, Harry
Freeman, Alice
303 P. M.
Dueberger, Mandle
Hazdin, Flo

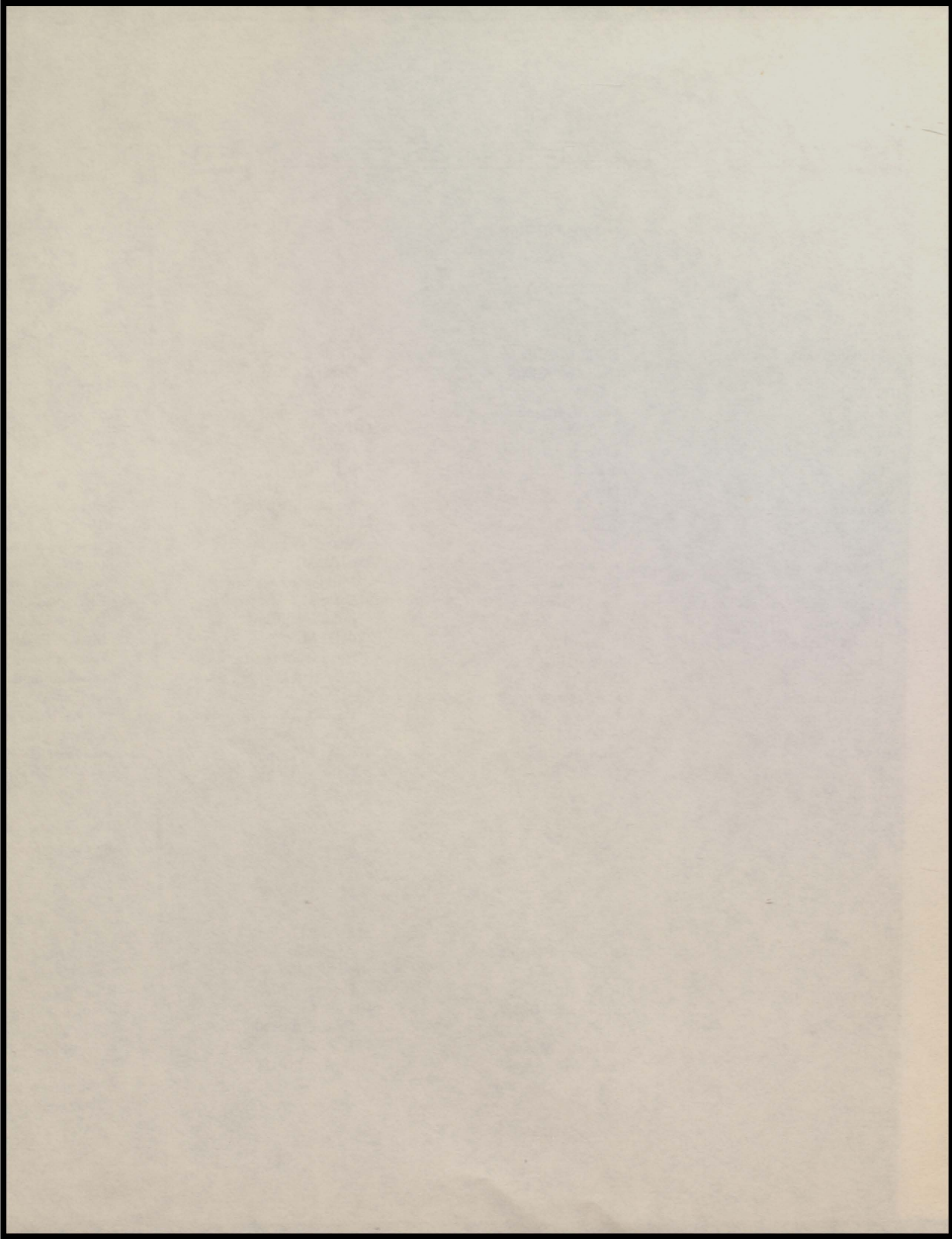
304 A. M.
Bischoff, Louis
Danzig, Charles
309 A. M.
Savage, Elmer
310 A. M.
Robin, Helen
316 P. M.
Goldblatt, Joseph
Marshall, Frank
317 P. M.
Ward, Arthur
318 A. M.
Middleton, Katherine
318 P. M.
Deats, William
320 P. M.
Eggins, Alice
Winkler, Walter
403 P. M.
Pascall, Dorothy
Wex, Helen
410 A. M.
Kaiser, Anna
411 P. M.
Dietz, Gertrude
415 P. M.
Stores, Milton

JUNE

101 A. M.
Pflomn, Regina
109 A. M.
Caprio, Lena
202 A. M.
Krasner, Joe
206 A. M.
Rothman, Isadore

213 A. M.
Feinerman, Bertha
Klein, Mollie
214 A. M.
Nusbaum, Gladys
215 P. M.
Waraft, Mathilda
217 A. M.
Gavalas, Chrysanthea

218 A. M.
Anderson, Alice
303 A. M.
Freeman, Alice
403 P. M.
Pascall, Dorothy
411 P. M.
Boyer, Irene





TRACK

In looking over the records of the track team of 1924, we find that it has passed through one of the most successful seasons in many years. Its list of triumphs started with the winning of the point trophy at the Lincoln meet. They later placed first in the high school division of the state championships, and also took first place in the National Indoor Title Meet. The team could not have been as successful as it was had it not been for some of the individual stars who ran some of the most thrilling races ever run for Central.

The Relay team, consisting of Louis Battaile, Vincent Young, William Mulligan and Ferris Watts was the most successful of all, being practically unbeatable by a high school team in the State.

These four cinder-steppers are said to comprise one of the greatest teams ever developed in New Jersey. Not enough credit can be given to Coach Schneider for the achievement of this high standard.

FOOTBALL PROSPECTS

Our 1924 football team will be weakened to some extent by the loss of five veterans; Milton Smith, Leo Klein, Ferris Watts, Fred Hexamer, and Arthur Lustig, our all-state center.

The latter position will in all likelihood be filled by Ernie "Firpo" Woerner, who was pivot-man on the 1922 team. Another boy who is expected to be a shining luminary is Bobby Woerner, Ernie's big (?) brother, who was the star of the 1922 team. Woer-

ner's presence in the backfield, together with "Harp" Burnett at quarter, "Murphy" Cohen and Petrin at half, will make a quartet almost impossible to stop.

The holes in our line present quite a problem, but Coach Schneider will probably find some good new men when he sends out the call for candidates; and if he does find four men men to fill the vacant positions we will have a team of state championship calibre.

FORMER CENTRAL ATHLETES

Joe Kruger is a member of the U. of Michigan basketball team.

Bill Helbig is starring at halfback on Penn. State's eleven.

Barney Koplin was freshmen end at Michigan and is expected to make the varsity this year.

"Charlie" Gieske was a member of the Penn. State freshmen track and football teams and is expected to make the varsity grade next year.

Red Allen is instructor of basketball at Newark Normal School.

Harry Meltzer is playing professional basketball and is quite a sensation at center.

Allan Smullen is varsity tackle on Columba's football team.

Ray Fisher is still stepping with the best on U. of P. varsity track team.

Art. Lustig, crack center at Central last fall is now out in the business world.

Bob Murphy, former crack Central shortstop, is playing semi-pro baseball and making good.

Eddie Charles is at U. of P. and will make his bid for a varsity berth on the ball team next season.

THE PIVOT

"Micky" Rosenberg, former Central forward, is cutting quite a figure in professional basketball ranks.

"Les" Cassidy is very prominent in literary activities at U. of P. He is editor of one of the largest periodicals at the college.

"Tom" Javalas was at Michigan last year, but will enter Princeton in the fall.

"Willie" Abramson is physical director at a Y. M. H. A. center at Atlanta, Ga.

Geo. Douglas is a member of the crack N. A. C. track team.

A TREATISE ON ATHLETICS

By Coach "Doc" Sargent

The value of athletics to the average school boy can be looked on in two separate lights—first from the point of physical development, second from that of character development.

By character development I mean the development of those manly qualities which we call honesty, unselfishness, obedience to law, loyalty and courage.

It is on the latter trait that I lay great stress on. Boys of this generation are not put to very many tests of courage. There are no trying situations to test their mettle. In the old pioneer days the average youth was faced with the terrors of the wilderness, the raging of the elements, continual fear of the enemy, and attacks by wild animals.

In these days, however, the youth of America finds a medium for tests of courage in athletics. It is in football that American boys demonstrate their grit to the greatest extent. Baseball runs second with basketball—and track not far behind.

Football is a man to man struggle, a team to team scrap. It takes nerve to stand up against a young giant as strong or stronger physically than yourself and not quail or flinch when the ball is snapped back. It takes courage to catch a football when you know that eleven men are about to hurl themselves at you as soon as you receive the pigskin. It requires valor

to throw yourself against the men's knees. When you know that failure to do so may mean a victory for the opponents.

People think that courage is born with a person. This is decidedly wrong. Courage grows with development. Let the boy never called on to face physical danger be put to the test and nine cases out of ten he will flinch.

That courage is a matter of development is brought out in the greatest game of all—war. In a crisis it is always the veteran division that is sent out to save the day. Why is it that a green, even though it is a well-trained division, is not sent out. It is because they have never been in dangerous situations and they will naturally think of saving themselves rather than having their minds on the job at hand.

To finish, I wish to say that I believe courage to be the thing that all boys would do well to cultivate. That is why I stressed here.

CENTRAL WINS GYM MEET

Central High's Gym Team won the first annual Gym Meet ever held in the City of Newark. The meet was held Friday, May 23, 1924 at Barringer High School and proved an immense success—about 500 people attending.

The Central squad which consisted of Wartonitsky, Krim, Watts, Arnold and Katzin, scored 23 points; Madison Junior High taking second, with a total of 14 points and East Side third, with 9 points. Our gymnasts scored two firsts, four seconds and one third; Wartonitsky taking first place on the side horse and flying rings; second place on the Horizontal Bar and third place in tumbling. Krim captured second place on the Parallel Bars and second place in the Tumbling, while Watts won second place on the Long Horse.

The meet was well conducted and proved such a success that Gymnastic events are assured of a place on the list of the school's annual athletic activities. It is hoped that in the future Central students will take a more active interest in this valuable health-giving sport.

THE PIVOT

CENTRAL-BARRINGER

Central was on the short end of a severe horse-hide wallop administered by the fast Barringer nine. Pollach, the Barringer pitcher twirled a fine game, allowing but three hits, two of which our catcher, Kaiser, was credited with. Lundie was far from his regular form and was walloped for twelve bingles, one being a homer by Harris, the Barringer's third baseman.

Central	0 1 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—1
Barringer	3 5 0 2 0 1 0 1 0—12

CENTRAL-EAST SIDE

Central High was the victor in a baseball struggle between East side and Central. Lundie and Dilly pitched exceptionally well and allowed the down-neckers only three hits. Botnick as usual played a smash-up game, getting three hits, one being a triple. Travissano and Nattriss played an excellent game, fielding and hitting in an admirable fashion.

Central	2 1 0 0 0 0 5 0 0—8
East Side	0 0 0 0 0 0 0 4 0—4

CENTRAL-CALDWELL

Our nine went to Caldwell and were participants in a real game of baseball. Although we were nosed-out by the final score of 2 to 1, Martoccio's pitching and Lundie's fielding stood out prominently. Our pitcher was in excellent fettle and allowed but five hits, striking out eleven batsmen. Hicken, the Caldwell pitcher, was also in good form and he was nicked for only five hits. Botnick, Lundie and Entner starred for Central at the bat, garnering a total of five hits.

Central	0 0 0 0 0 1 0 0 0—1
Caldwell	0 1 0 0 0 0 1 0 0—2

CENTRAL-SOUTH SIDE

Our horse-hide chasers buried South Side's nine under a storm of runs. Lundie, star pitcher of our team, held South Side to but six hits, while his teammates pounded Robbins of South Side for thirteen hits for a total of fifteen runs. Final score was 15-7.

Central	1 0 6 0 8 0 0 0 0—15
South Side	0 1 0 0 0 0 6 0 0—7

CENTRAL-BATTIN

Central had no chance at all when Radonitz toed the mound for the Battin High ball tossers. To make it short, Central was defeated by a score of 5-0, being let down without a hit. Radonitz thereby entered the Hall of Fame of no hit and no run pitchers. He shows great promise of turning into of the greatest boy pitchers ever developed in the State of New Jersey.

Central	0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—0
Battin	0 0 1 0 0 0 0 0 4—5

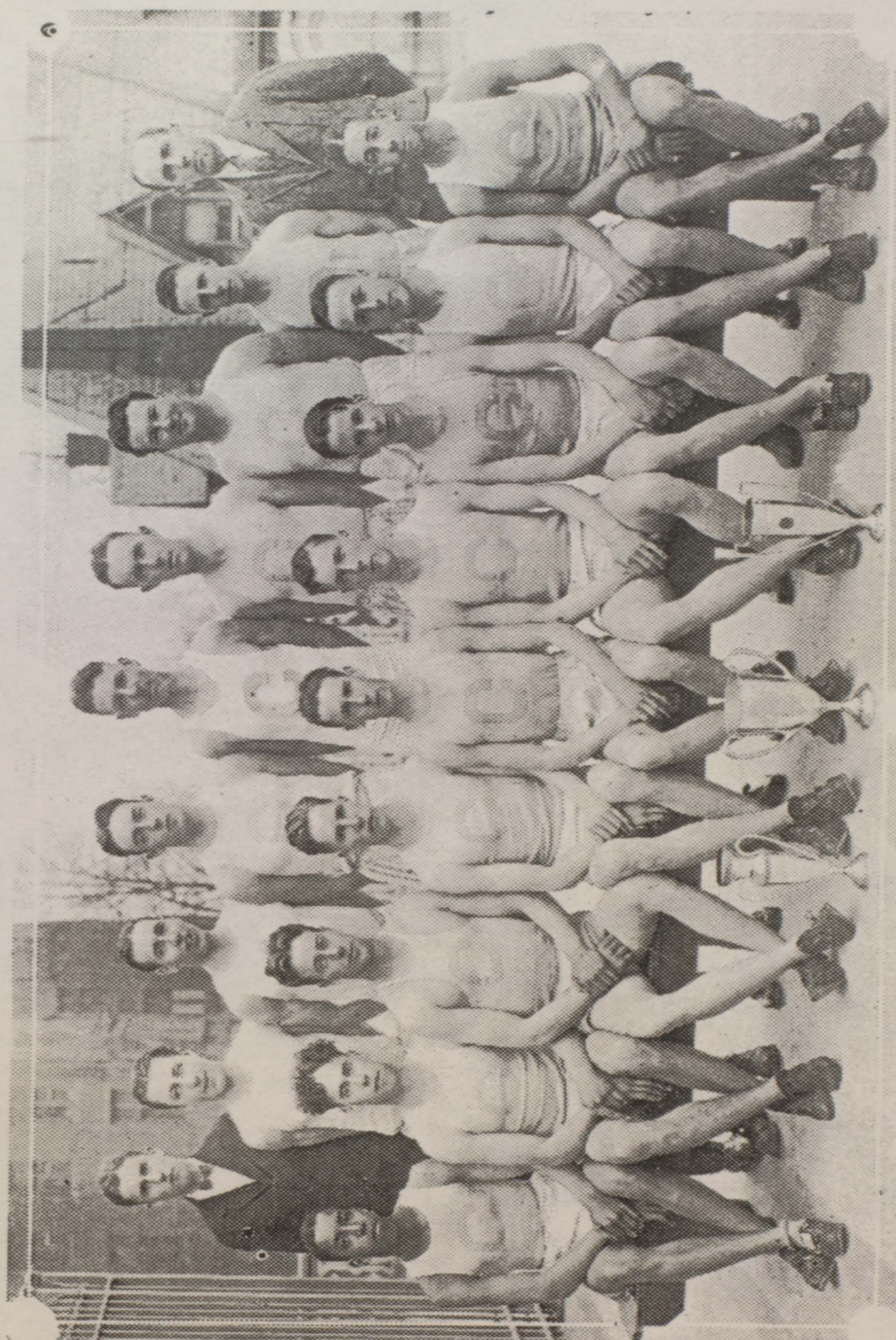
CENTRAL SNOWED UNDER

The Blue and White went down to defeat at the hands of the crack Dickenson nine to a 14-1 tune. Roepke, Dickenson's premier hurler, pitched air-tight ball, allowing but five scattered hits.

"Whoops" Botnick starred with a screaming triple to deep left center. However, he tried to stretch the wallop into a home run and was nabbed at the plate in a close decision.

Castrovinci starred at bat for the winners, getting three hits.

Central	0 0 0 1 0 0 0 0 0—1
Dickenson	1 2 0 4 2 2 2 0 x—14



INDOOR TRACK TEAM, 1924

From left to right standing—Kisseljack, Galambus, Burnett, Young, Kirshmann, Mulligan, Cohen, Labov, C. J. Schneider, Coach Seated—Jacobs, Carson, Jockers, Watts, Captain; Bataille, Kolb, Gartenlaub, Faggins.

THE PIVOT

PRESIDENT

Class Advisor



DAVID SKOLNICK

“En, duce, ad astra per aspera.”

THE PIVOT



PRESIDENT
APOSTOLAKOS, JAMES 251 Springfield Avenue
 Course—General French. Prospects: Columbia Law

"A little child shall lead them."

Pres. 4A; Pres. 4B; Vice-Pres. 4C; Literary Club; Pres. Literary Club; Entertainment Committee 4C Class; Service Club; Prom Com.; Chocolate Sale Com.; Ways and Means Com. 4C Class; Chairman Executive Com. 4C Class; Associate Editor of Senior PIVOT; Cast in "Hezekiah's Country Store." Science Club; Chairman Entertainment Committee of Service Club; Chairman Refreshment Com. of Service Club; Freshmen Rally; History Club; "Winner of Old English "C."

For a person of "Jimmy's" size he has set an enviable record in Central which can only be obtained by such earnest work as James is known to have done.



VICE-PRESIDENT
KAPP, ANNE H. 370 Chadwick Avenue
 Arts Course. Prospects: Syracuse

"Very faithfully she has always worked,
 And her daily duties she has never shirked."

Associate Editor of PIVOT; Pres. of Girls' Service Club; Secretary of Girls' Service Club; Treasurer of Girls' Service Club; Captain of Welfare Com.; Chairman of Refreshment Com.; Dance Com. of Girls' Service Club; Secretary of 4B Class; Vice-Pres. of 4A Class; Journalist Club; Swimming Club; Cast in "Hezekiah's Country Store," Winner of Old English "C."

One glance at Anne's activities and you can readily see the why and wherefore of her popularity. We will certainly miss your helpful ideas and your jolly spirit.



SECRETARY
GOLDBERG, SONIA 278 So. 9th Street
 Course: General. Prospects: Normal

"Pretty to walk with,
 Witty to talk with."

Secretary 4A Class; Entertainment Com. 4C Class; Armory Exhibition; Gym Exhibition; Literary Club; Swimming Club; Cast in "Hezekiah's Country Store." Senior PIVOT Board; Chess and Checkers Club; Vice-Pres. 4C Class; Girls' Service Club.

"May our young poetess to great fame rise,
 For she has proven that in her talent lies."



TREASURER
GOLDBERGER, HAROLD ARTHUR 272 Clinton Place
 Course: Classical. Prospects: U. of Pennsylvania

"Whose wonderful sense flows in fit words and in heavenly eloquence."

Treasurer 4A Class; Pres. of the Spanish Club; Service Club; Sport Editor of PIVOT; Science Club; Secretary of Chess and Checkers Club; Secretary of Service Club; Vice-Pres. of Spanish Club; Exchange Editor of PIVOT.

Harold is a fellow who leaves a good record behind him. Besides working for the school, he never lagged in his studies.

THE PIVOT

ABRAMOWITZ, SOPHIE

240 Leslie Street

Commercial Spanish. Prospects: Business

"Generosity is the flower of justice."

Literary Club; Underwood Medal; Girls' Gym Exhibition; Girls' Field Day 1923; Dramatic Club.

Jenny is one of our quietest students but despite this she has always lent a helping hand and displayed a good deal of sportsmanship.



ALGER, BLANFORD

258 Halsey Street

Technical Course. Prospects: Steven's Institute

"With the sunshine on his face."

Technical Club; Rifle Club; Radio Club; Stamp Club; Mathematics Club.

One is always sure to find Blanford in the midst of all school activities.



ARONOWITZ, FANNIE L.

72 Barclay Street

Commercial Course. Prospects: Undecided

"One who mixes reason with pleasure, and wisdom with mirth."

Fanny's list of activities showed that her time has been devoted to studies. Keep up your record Fanny, success is sure to follow.



BENTZ, EVELYN

134 Seventh Avenue

Commercial German. Prospects: Business

"How sweet and fair she seems to be."

Underwood Medal; Literary Club; Dante Literary Club; Riding Club; Swimming Club; Girls' Service Club; Armory Exhibition; Archon Club.

Evelyn is a strong-minded young lady who works hard and does thoroughly everything she undertakes.



THE PIVOT



BERGER, SOPHIE

10 Seymour Avenue

General Arts. Prospects: Gym College

"With reproof on her lips and a smile in her eyes."

Sophie's flaxen hair is a danger signal; watch out, all you young men!



BOCCHINI, JOSEPH

257 Camden Street

General Latin. Prospects: College

"Gentle of speech, beneficent of mind."

Vice-Pres. of the Boys' Service Club; Member of Old English "C" Com.; Chairman Membership Com.; Boys' Service Club; Associate Editor of Senior PIVOT; Freshman Relay; 4C Entertainment Com.; PIVOT Agent; Boys' Parade; Chemistry Club; Treasurer of Dante Literary Society; Chess and Checkers Club; History Club; Latin Club; Cast in "Hezekiah's Country Store."

Joe's long list of activities show his hard work done for the class. He is an enterprising lad, who has worked with unceasing energy for his school.



BOXER, DAVID L.

53 Osborne Terrace

General Latin. Prospects: University of Michigan

"He talks—Ye gods, how he talks."

Literary Club; Overall Club; Tennis Club; History Club.

All that know Dave know he is a live-wire who is ever willing to work for his class. Here's luck, Dave.



BRUDER, JOSEPH R.

70 Sixteenth Avenue

College Prep. Prospects: U. of Michigan

"Great hopes make great men."

Swimming Club; Tennis Club; Chess and Checkers Club; Literary Club; Mystical 13; Secretary Journalist Club; Secretary Stamp Club; Riding Club; Assistant Manager of Football Team; Latin Club.

Don't care, Joe, your jolliness and good spirits make up for your lack of inches.

THE PIVOT

CAMPIGLIA, ROBERT 385 Littleton Avenue

Commercial French. Prospects: N. Y. U.

" 'Tis good will makes intelligence."

Custodian Secretarial Club; Pres. Secretarial Club; Riding Club; Dante Literary Society; Chess and Checkers Club; Typing Medals; PIVOT Board.

"The most obliging boy." The characteristic suits you perfectly. We need more like you.



CAPRIO, LENA 287 North 5th Street

Commercial French. Prospects: Business

"Knowledge goes but wisdom lingers"

Winner of Underwood medal; Girls' Service Club; Swimming Club; Archons; Literary Club; Armory Exhibition.

We are fond of you because we are able to praise you without flatter-
ing.



COHEN, ANNA 821 South 16th Street

College Prep. Normal.

"Her smile is like a rainbow, flashing from a misty sky."

Archon Club; Entertainment Committee 4C Class.

Anna is anxious to succeed and we all get what we want, you know.



COHEN, BESSIE 803 South 16th Street

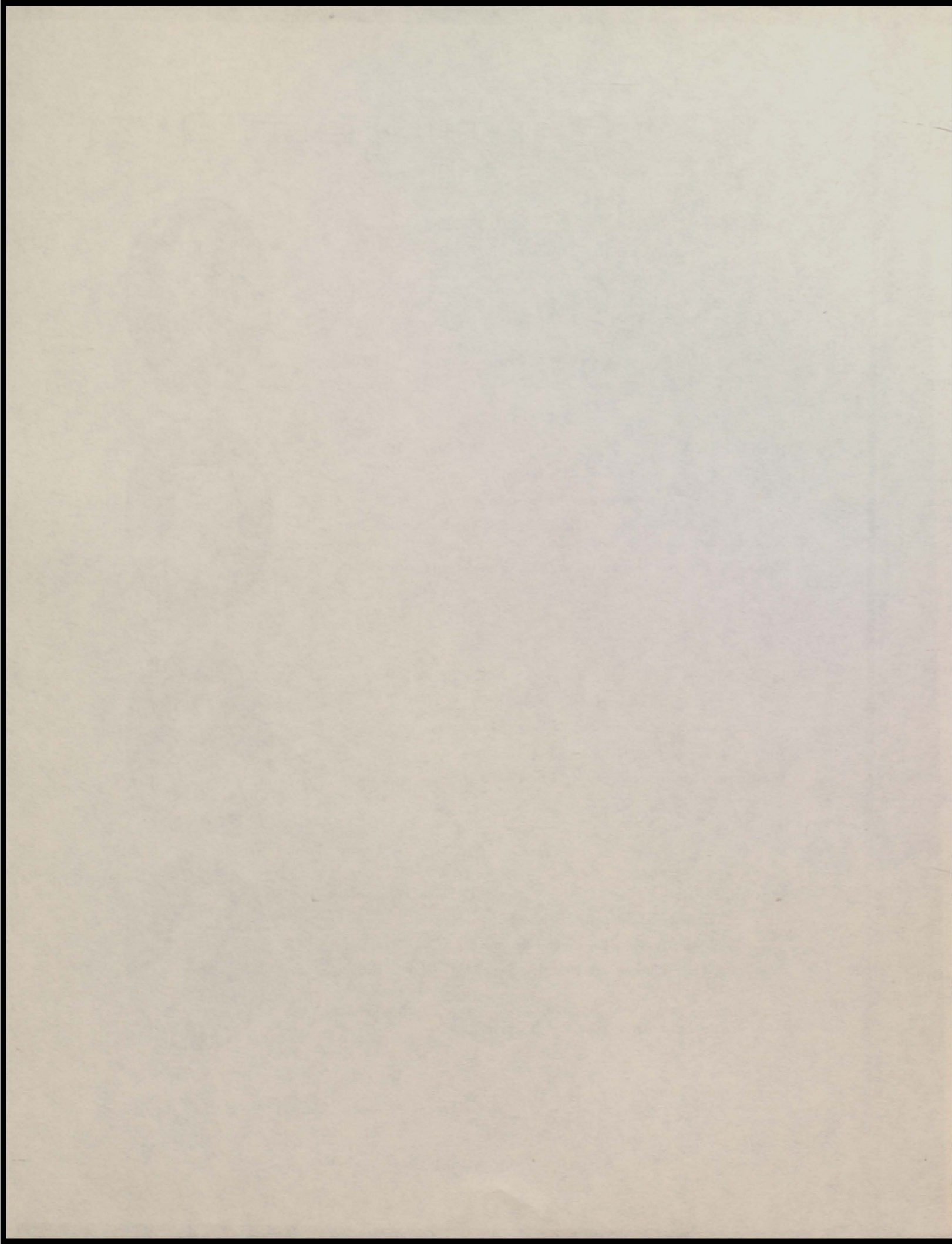
Commercial Spanish. Prospects: Business

"A merry heart doeth good like medicine."

Gym Exhibition; Underwood Medal; Swimming Club; Riding Club; Staff typist.

Despite Bessie's naturally quiet disposition she has displayed a kindly spirit and helping hand to all. We wish her every success.







COHEN, EMANUEL B.

100 Mt. Pleasant Avenue

General. Prospects: University of Penn.

Vice-Pres. Central Rookies; Rifle Club; Chairman Constitution Com. Rifle Club; Chemistry Club; History Club.

Emanuel will be missed but we know that his future will be paved with success because of his willingness to work.



COHEN, ETTA K.

384 Hunterdon Street

Commercial Spanish. Prospects: Packard's

"O! Star of Wit, I see thee stand."

Treasurer of 4C Class; 4C Prom Com.; Secretary Girls' Swimming Club; Com. of Ye Olde Fashioned Barne Danse; 4B Ways and Means Com.; Armory Exhibition; Gym Exhibition; Riding Club; Swimming Club; PIVOT Agent; Morning Forum.

Etta is one of our most popular girls. Her witticism and humor have saved us all from many a gloomy day.



COHEN, EVA

388 Fairmount Avenue

Commercial Course. Prospects: Business

"Oratory is the flower of imagination."

Literary Club; Girls' Swimming Club; Remington Typewriting Medal; Underwood Typewriting Medal.

Eva's cleverness has been displayed by her ability to speak and write. Your road to success is simple with your wonderful gifts.



DEUTSCH, IRMA

100 Spruce Street

Commercial. Prospects: Undecided.

"I don't care what happens
As long as it happens not to me."

Swimming Club; Charm School.

Happy and carefree. You'll drown this gloomy old world with one of your wonderful smiles, Irma.

THE PIVOT

EBENFELD, PAULINE

189 Shephard Ave.

Course: General French. Prospects: Normal.

"Amiability shines by its own light."

Cast in Hezekiah's Country Store, Senior PIVOT Board, Gym Exhibition, Armory Exhibition.

Pauline is a very obliging girl, always kind and thoughtful of others. You're just the kind we like to have around us.



EDELMAN, LOUIS

79 W. Kinney Street

Technical Course. Prospects: University of Mich.

"A man's worth is not hard to find."

Technical Club, Mathematics Club, Rifle Club, Radio Club, Technical Basketball Team, Science Club.

Louis's conscientiousness and pleasant disposition have won him a host of friends. Keep it up, Lou.



EDELSTEIN, ROSE SHIRLEY

361 Hunterdon Street

Commercial Spanish. Prospects: Normal.

"Air and manner are more expressive than words."

Swimming Club, Literary Club, Gym Exhibition, Armory Exhibition, Dancing Class.

Pleasant smiles and cheerfulness make us think of Rose.



EISENBERGER, LENA

279 Belmont Avenue

Commercial German. Prospects: Business

"Of manner gentle and affectiveness mild."

Secretarial Club, Swimming Club, Staff Typist, Typewriting medals.

Lena will be missed after she is gone because of her honest effort in all her undertakings.





FIDEL, OSCAR

56 Barclay Street

2½ Year student

College Prep. Prospects: Penn College

"My tongue within my lips I rein."

Literary Club; Chess and Checkers Club.

At the rate you are going Oscar, you will certainly climb the ladder of success.



FISHBEIN, HARRIET

252 Springfield Avenue

Commercial German. Prospects: Business

"Beauty is nature's own light."

Secretarial Club; Swimming Club; Riding Club; Underwood Typewriting Medals; Remington Typewriting Award.

We are inclined to think Harriet got through on her wonderful ability to typewrite, judging from her many awards in this capacity.



FLYNN, MARY

48 Devine Street

Commercial Spanish. Prospects: Business

"In faith lady, you have a merry heart."

Archons; Underwood Medal.

Cheerfulness wins friends.



FREEMAN, ALICE

330 High Street

Commercial Spanish. Prospects: Business

"As modest as the day is long."

Literary Club; Girls' Service Club; Typewriting Medals; Custodian Secretarial Club; Girls' Basketball Club.

Alice is sure to succeed in everything she undertakes.

THE PIVOT

FREIDEMAN, EVELYN A. 359 South 12th Street

Commercial German. Prospects: Undecided.

"A sweet, attractive kind of grace."

Central Literary Club, Girls' Swimming Club, G. O. Delegate, Investigation Committee of Swimming Club, Cartoon Club, Armory Exhibition, Riding Club, Dancing Class.

Evelyn is sweet, companionable, and a good sport.



GARLAND, ESTHER E. 103 Howard Street

General Arts. Prospects: Howard University

"And what she greatly thought, she nobly dared."

Esther has not been very active in school organizations, but she was a conscientious worker in her studies.



GOLDBERG, LEONARD 35 Huntington Terrace

General. Prospects: Columbia

"Success is obtained through constant effort."

Boys' Service Club, Gym Exhibition, Hezekiah's Country Store, Advertising Manager of PIVOT.

Leonard has been one of the class's hardest workers and was always willing to lend a hand to those in need.



GOLDBERG, MAX PHILIP 278 So. 9th Street

General. University of Montana

"Let cheerfulness on happy fortune wait."

Boys' Service Club; 4C Entertainment Com.; Chairman of 4B Ways and Means Committee; C. M. T. Camp; Literary Club; Central Rookies; Rifle Club; PIVOT Board; Member of cast of "Hezekiah's Country Store"; Manager bookroom.

Max is one of our most ambitious students. Keep it up!



THE PIVOT



GOLDMAN, GERTRUDE

376 South 6th Street

Commercial Latin. Prospects: Business

"A pleasing countenance is a silent recommendation."

Chess and Checkers Club; Riding Club; Swimming Club; Staff Typist; Underwood Medal.

Gertrude always lends a helping hand. Her patience and sweetness will make her successful in all she undertakes.



GOODMAN, ROSE

373 Fairmount Avenue

General Spanish. Prospects: Columbia

"Vivacity is the gift of woman."

Girls' Swimming Club; Central Literary Club; Secretary of the Girls' Swimming Club; Chairman of the Entertainment Committee 4C Class; Cast of "Hezekiah's Country Store"; Cartoon Club; Riding Club; 4B Pin Committee.

Rose has used her vivacity and liveliness to a good advantage.



GOTTFRIED, FLORENCE

523 South 14th Street

Commercial Spanish. Prospects: Business

"Come and trip as you go, on the light fantastic toe."

Riding Club; Secretarial Club; Armory Exhibition; Gym Exhibition; Dancing Class; Swimming Club; Girls' Field Day; Underwood Medal.

We wonder if she didn't dance her way through Central?



GRANICK, JESSIE

96 Lyons Avenue

Commercial Course. Prospects: Business

"A pleasant voice with a pleasant smile."

Literary Club, Secretary and Treasurer of Literary Club; Vice-President of Literary Club, Winner Underwood and Remington Medals, Chairman of 4B Ring Com., Archons Club, Staff Typist.

From her list of activities we notice that Jessie is very much interested in literary work. Keep it up.

THE PIVOT

GRAU, FRANCES

522 Hawthorne Avenue

Commercial French. Prospects: Business

"She is a model girl, always stands the test,
Of her one can say, nothing but the best."

Editor-in-Chief of Senior PIVOT, Secretarial Club, Vice-Pres. of Secretarial Club, Chairman of Membership Com.; Girls' Service Club, Armory Exhibition, Gym Exhibition, Chess and Checkers Club, Riding Club, Girls' Reserves, Winner of Underwood Typewriting Medal, Winner of Old English "C".

Frances has been the hardest worker of our class, and we will surely never forget her lovely ways and her charming personality.



GRUBER, BENJAMIN

474 South 11th Street

Commercial Spanish. Prospects: Business

"He is honest and of an open and free nature."

Secretarial Club, Chess and Checkers Club, Spanish Club, Senior Class Relay.

Ben is noted for being one of our most studious boys.



HANDLER, HELEN

457 Peshine Avenue

General Latin. Prospects: New Jersey Law

"A lovely girl is above all rank."

Usher in "Hezekiah's Country Store" and "Greek Play."

A true and friendly spirit combined with a pleasant disposition and we have Helen.



HELPER, MARTHA F.

509 Avon Avenue

Commercial Spanish. Prospects Packard's

"Pretty and therefore to be wooed."

Pres. Girls' Swimming Club; Vice-Pres. 4C Class; Secretary 4C Class; Riding Club; Senior PIVOT Board; Chairman of "Ye Olde Fashioned Ride Com."; Chairman 4C Prom Com.; Indoor Athletic Meet; Armory Exhibition; Girls' Reserve.

Martha has set an enviable record in Central by her hustle-bustle sort of activity. We envy you, Martha.





HEPPA, GERTRUDE

175 Plane Street

Course: General. Prospects: Business

"Sweetness and goodness in her person shine."
Swimming Club, Riding Club.

Gertrude has not taken part in many school activities but, nevertheless, we all appreciate her good nature and ready smile.



HESLOWITZ, MARTHA M.

138 Mapes Avenue

Commercial Spanish. Prospects: Undecided

"Falseness cannot come from her."

Girls' Swimming Club; Girls' Riding Club; Secretarial Club; Orphan Com.; IC Social Com.; Girls' Service Club; Usher at Track Meet; Staff Typist; Secretary, Secretarial Club.

Judging from her diligence in studies success is assured her in the future. Her ambition and ability to do things have earned her many friends of which she may well be proud.



HEUSER, LOUIS

778 Bergen Street

Commercial Spanish. Prospects: N. Y. U.

"Still achieving, still pursuing."

Central Orchestra; Underwood Medal.

Although it appears from Lew's list of activities that his interests have been mainly in the field of studies, we know that he is popular nevertheless.



HOKINSON, ALVA

81 Eleventh Avenue

Commercial Course. Prospects: Business

"Faithfulness and sincerity first and all."
Typing Medals.

Alva is quiet but very popular with her friends.

THE PIVOT

ISAACSON, MILTON 121 Howard Street

General Course. Prospects: Columbia

"Great deeds are performed not by strength but by perserverance."

Class Relay; Gym Exhibition; Asst. Advertsing Manager of Pivot. Milton is one of our most studious boys. Keep it up, lad.



JAFFEE, PAULINE 47 Montgomery Street

Commercial Art. Prospects: Undecided

"A blithe heart makes a blooming visage."

Girls' Service Club; Chairman of Lunch Room Com.; Treasurer of the 4C Class; 4C Dance Com.; Secretarial Club; Ttaff Typist; Girls' Swimming Club; Underwood Typewriting Medal; Usher at Track Meet of '24; and at "Hezekiah's Country Store"; Riding Club.

One with your spirit, smile and disposition is sure to be a relief at any function. Peggy is one of Central's most popular young ladies. She is sure to be triumphant at any thing she undertakes.



KANTOR, ASHER 60 Nelson Place

General Spanish. Prospects: University of Mich.

"He who respects others is respected by them."

Treasurer of 4C Class; Service Club; Junior Track Meet; Outdoor Track Meet; Outdoor Indian Track Meet; Indoor Track Meet; Football Squad; Captain Senior Class Relay; Membership Committee Service Club; Spanish Club.

Asher will surely be missed as he was well liked by all who know him.



KAPLAN, FANNIE 304 Peshine Avenue

Commercial Course. Prospects: Undecided

"Simplicity is a captivating grace in women."

Swimming Club; Literary Club; Riding Club.

Girls of silence are said to do great things. We are depending upon you for them.



THE PIVOT



KAPLAN, JESSIE

51 Peshine Avenue

Commercial French. Prospects: Business

"She has a voice of gladness."

Swimming Club, Secretarial Club, Literary Club, Riding Club.

Jessie is a conscientious student and we know she will succeed.



KUTCHINSKY, SADIE R.

92 Sixteenth Avenue

Commercial Course. Prospects: Fawcett Art School

"Her ways are ways of pleasantness."

Secretarial Club, Girls' Swimming Club, Riding Club.

Sadie is another one of our quiet girls. She is well liked by all who know her.



LAMPARIELLO, JOSEPH

250 South Seventh Street

Technical Course. Prospects: Business

"Ability shines by its own light."

Secretary of Mathematics Club, Secretary of Technical Club, Secretary of Radio Club, Secretary of Rifle Club, Treasurer of Rifle Club, Treasurer of Radio Club, Chairman of Membership Com. of Technical Club.

Joe's list of activities show his popularity. Hold your own lad, and success is sure to be with you.



LEON, SIDNEY

53 Milford Avenue

Commercial Spanish. Prospects: N. Y. U.

"Life lives only in success."

Vice-President of Chess and Checkers Club, Vice President of Central Castellano, PIVOT Sales Agent, Secretarial Club, Radio Club, Underwood Typing Medal, Senior Directory.

Sidney will be triumphant in all his undertakings because of his ability to do great deeds.

THE PIVOT

LOCKLEAR, THOMAS

122 Academy Street

Course: Art. Prospects: Undecided

"Men's sana in corpore sano"
"A strong mind in a strong body."

Asst. Circulation Manager of PIVOT.

Tom has been an earnest student in Central. We hope he makes as good an impression as he has made on us.



LORBER, FRANCES

272 Belmont Avenue

General Course. Prospects: Normal School

"Who pleasure gives shall joy receive."

Archon Club, Literary Club.

Frances is a pleasant lady with a lovely sense of humor. Such traits make success. Keep it up, Frances.



MARSHALL, FRANK

698 Bergen Street

Technical Course. Rutgers College

"Faint hearts ne'er won fair lady."

Archon Club, Technical Club, PIVOT Board.

His worth is evident to all.



MARTUCCI, RALPH

25 1/2 14th Avenue

Commercial Spanish. Prospects: Business

"Of study took he must care and heed."

Central Service Club, Dante Literary Club, Program Com. Dante Literary Society, Chess and Checkers Club, Spanish Club, Secretarial Club.

Ralph is the steady, plodding type of student that always gets what he goes after.



THE PIVOT



MASON, MARGUERITE H.

55 Finlay Place

Commercial French. Prospects: Undecided

"'Tis good will makes intelligence."

Swimming Club, Skyrockets, Girls' Gym Exhibition, Armory Exhibition.

Marguerite's list of activities tell the tale. Keep it up and we will hear of your capturing the Olympic prize soon.



McCLINCIE, MALCOLM U.

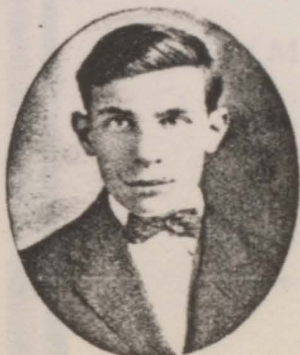
1080 Sanford Avenue

Technical Course. Prospects: West Point

"He proves best i' the field."

President of Technical Club, President of Mathematics Club, Vice-President of Technical Club, Vice-President of Mathematics Club, Vice-President of the 4B Class, Vice-President of Rifle Club, Treasurer of 4C Class, Central Rookies, Tennis Club, Class Relay '21, '23, Assistant Manager of Football Team, Manager of Football Team, Manager of Track, Swimming Club, Manager of Rifle Club, Senior PIVOT Board.

Malcolm is sure to make a success of everything he undertakes. He is quite popular with the ladies.



MIELE, ARTHUR R.

108 Central Avenue

Technical. Prospects: Business

"And what he greatly thought he nobly dared."

Rifle Club, Treasurer of Technical Club.

He is very quiet, but a true example of one who tends to his own affairs.



MULLIGAN, WILLIAM J.

169 South 10th Street

General Course. John Hopkin's University

"The goal to success is his."

Cross-Country '19, '20, '21, '22, Track '20, '21, '22, '23, '24, Captain Cross Country Team '19, '20, '21, National Champion Team '24; Rifle Club, Tennis Club.

Bill has taken active part in all sides of school life. We know he will make good at college. Best wishes, Bill.

THE PIVOT

MUTNICK, NATHAN

807 South 17th Street

Commercial Course. Prospects: New Jersey Law

"Business through and through."

Senior PIVOT Board, Treasurer of Secretarial Club, Typing Award.

We prophesize a bright future for you.



PALASINSKI, STEPHEN

11 South 21st Street

Technical Course. Prospects: Undecided

"Work brings glory and success."

Gym Exhibition, Rifle Club, Mathematics Club.

Stephen, although quiet, is well liked by all who know him.



PERLMAN, SAMUEL

66 Montgomery Street

General German. Prospects: Accountancy

"Great hopes make great men."

Gym Exhibition, Boys' Day '22, Glee Club, Rifle Club.

Sam's athletic ability will stand him in good stead in the future.



RABSTEIN, MITCHELL

43 Treacy Avenue

Commercial Course. Prospects: Business

"Who mixes reason with pleasure."

President Boys' Service Club, Vice-President Boys' Service Club, Vice-President Boys' Swimming Club, C. M. T. C. Club, Chess and Checkers Club, Chairman of English "C". Com.

Mitchell is one of the most friendly and good natured chaps of our class. He will succeed in all he undertakes.



THE PIVOT



RETTIG, ROSE

Course: Commercial. Prospects: Columbia

"There is none like her, none."

"Charm School"; Secretarial Club, 4C Ride Committee, Prom Committee, Chairman Ring and Pin Committee, Program Committee, Secretarial Club, Chairman Publicity Com., "Gossip of 218," Usher Indoor Athletic Meet, Armory Exhibition, Swimming Club, Typewriting Medals, Captain Investigation Com., Swimming Club.

If we combine good nature, a pleasant disposition and will spirit, we have Rose.



RICH, ALFRED

191 Littleton Avenue

Technical Course. Cornell University

"Labor is in itself a pleasure."

Technical Club, Mathematics Club, Rifle Club, Dante Literary Society, Technical Basketball Team.

Here's another of our clever students.



ROMMEL, FRED

668 Springfield Avenue

Technical Course. Prospects: Business

"Friendliness helps its own."

Technical Club, Vice-President Radio Club, Secretary Mathematics Club, Secretary Technical Club, Member of Rifle Club, Chairman of Technical Club Com.

Fred is quiet, companionable and a worth-while friend. Here's luck, Freddie.



ROSE, EVELYN

470 Bergen Street

Commercial Course. Prospects: Business

4B Show, Riding Club, Swimming Club, Archon Club, Staff Typist of Senior PIVOT Board.

Ambition is Evelyn's middle name. We cannot over-estimate her diligence in every branch of the school activities.

THE PIVOT

ROSEN, EMANUEL

724 Bergen Street

Course: General. Prospects: Undecided

"No really great man ever thought himself so."

Varsity Basketball '23, '24; All-State Guard.

"Manny" is our basketball hero. He excels in all athletics and Central will certainly miss him.



ROSENBAUM, FRANCES

228 Prince Street

General Arts. Prospects: Undecided.

"Good sense and good nature are never separated."

Girls' Service Club; Riding Club.

Although Frances has not been very active in school activities, we are sure that she will make good.



ROSENBLOOM, JOSEPH N.

Classical. Prospects: Lafayette

"A lion among ladies is a dreadful thing."

Editor-in-Chief of Senior August PIVOT, Exchange Editor Senior May PIVOT, President Spanish Club, Secretary Spanish Club, Service Club, Chess and Checkers, Riding Club, Science Club, Winner of Old English "C".

Joe is one of our most popular boys. His hard work and willingness to assist others has gained him a very worth-while reputation in Central. We'll miss you, Joe, when you're at Lafayette. Here's hoping you accomplish no less there.



SARBONE, DAVID

235 Waverly Avenue

Commercial Spanish. Prospects: N. J. Law School

"The race by vigor not by vaunts, is won."

President Secretarial Club, Vice-President of Secretarial Club, Senior PIVOT Staff, Service Club, English "C" Com., Swimming Club, Sergeant-at-arms of Service Club, Typewriting Medals, Cast in "Hezekiah's Country Store."

Dave is one of our hardest and most industrious workers. Such traits make fine lawyers. Keep it up, Dave.



THE PIVOT



SAVAGE, ELMER

131 South 9th Street

Arts Course. Prospects: N. Y. U.

"What passion cannot music raise and quell?"

Boys' Service Club, Orchestra '21-'22, Composer of Class Song, Football Band '22-'23.

Many are the times that we have been entertained by Elmer's piano selections. We have hopes in your being a great composer in the future.



SCHILLING, EDWARD

320 Bergen Street

Commercial German. Prospects: N. J. Law

"For he that runs it well, twice runs his race."

Senior PIVOT Board, Dramatic Club, Camera Club, Spanish Club Tennis Club, Swimming Club.

Ed is one of the classes' most zealous workers. He has made quite a reputation for himself.



SCHWARTZ, MAUDE

389 South Orange Avenue

Commercial Course. Prospects: Sargent

"Thou canst not frown, thou cannot look askance."

Associate Editor of PIVOT, Vice-President Swimming Club, Secretary of Swimming Club, Senior Directory, Business Manager "Charm School, Riding Club, Girls' Gym Exhibition, Armory Exhibition; Girls' Baseball Team '23, '24; Girls' Basketball Team '22, '23, '24; Cast in "Hezekiah's Country Store"; 4C Executive Com., Swimming Club Pin Com.

Who can ever forget Maude? Her pleasant smile, sympathetic nature and kindness has won her many friends.



SELIGMAN, EDWARD

156 Spruce Street

Commercial Spanish. Prospects: N. Y. U.

"What I do, let me do well."

Chocolate Manager 4C Class, Chairman 4C Prom, Chairman 4C Dance, Chocolate Manager 4B Class, Ticket Manager 4B Show, Advertising Manager 4B Show, Cast in "Hezekiah's Country Store"; Secretary Boys' Service Club, Chairman of Membership Com., Chairman Welfare Com., Chairman Constitutional Com., Entertainment Com., Chess and Checkers Club, Tennis Club, Secretary Boys' Riding Club, Spanish Club, Advertising Manager PIVOT, Orchestra.

Ed has the reputation of being a large fellow, but the large fellows are the ones who run our works.

THE PIVOT

SHUSTER, HARRY 101 Montgomery Street

Course: Technical. Prospects: Michigan.

"The very pattern, boy of boys."

Technical Club, Rifle Club, Science Club, Mathematics Club, Radio Club, Technical Basketball.

We are all going to miss Harry. Although he is somewhat reserved, he has not concealed a merry disposition.



SILVERMAN, LUCY 183 Scheerer Avenue

Commercial Course. Prospects: Undecided

"With reproof on her lips and a smile in her eyes."

Girls' Service Club, Treasurer 4B Class, Girls' Swimming Club, Riding Club, Secretarial Club, 4C Entertainment Com.

A very lovely girl is Lucy. Her charms have gained her many friends amongst her classmates and the faculty.



SKOLOFF, FANNIE 167 Charlton Street

General Latin. Prospects: Normal.

"The face that smiles is fair."

Archon Club, Usher in "Hezekiah's Country Store"; Usher at Greek Play.

Fanny's hard work and helping hand to others has made her indispensable to the school. We are sorry to lose you.



SOLOMON, LILLIAN 24 Fairview Avenue

Commercial Spanish. Prospects: Business

"Never idle a moment, but thrifty and thoughtful of others."

Secretarial Club, Riding Club, Swimming Club, Literary Club, Chess and Checkers Club, Armory Exhibition, Gym Exhibition.

Lillian is a hard worker who has always taken an active interest in class affairs.





SPECTOR, NATHAN

60 Peshine Avenue

General Course. Prospects: Michigan

"Silence is the perfectest herald of joy."

Chess and Checkers Club, Literary Club, Glee Club, Tennis Club, History Club.

Despite Nathan's naturally quiet disposition we know he will succeed.



STARK, EDWARD

316 Fifteenth Avenue

College Prep. Prospects: Columbia

"Of stature tall and slender frame???"

Boys' Swimming Club, Dramatic Club, Chess and Checkers Club, Latin Club, Spanish Club.

Size has not prevented Ed from accomplishing much.



STULZAJT, DOROTHY

628 South 10th Street

General Course. Prospects: Normal School

"Nods and becks and wreathed smiles."

Secretary Central Literary Club, Entertainment Com., Central Literary Club, Swimming Club, Riding Club, Cartoonist Club, Entertainment Com. 4C Class, Chairman of Pin Com. 4B Class, Usher Com., Chairman Usher Com. in "Alcestis."

We will miss Dotty because of her sweet and quiet ways.



TARGER, MORRIS A.

318 Hawthorne Avenue

Classical. Prospects: Lafayette

"A good example is the best sermon."

Varsity Cheer Leader, Service Club, Treasurer of Service Club, President of 4B Class, Associate Editor of PIVOT, Winner of Old English "C".

Judging from Moris's list of activities we can see that all which he undertakes is done to the best of his ability. We know you will succeed at Lafayette.

TAUB, ELEANOR

53 Barclay Street

Commercial Art. Prospects: Business

"Sweet as a flower."

Girls' Reserve, Gym Exhibition, Armory Exhibition, Swimming Club, Riding Club, Vice-President of Swimming Club, Dancing Exhibition.

Eleanor is always on the go. What is it that makes you do it?



TRAUTVETTER, VIOLA GLORIA

396 Forteenth Avenue

Commercial Course. Prospects: Undecided

"I know what I am today
But know not what I'll be tomorrow."

Central Literary Club, Girls' Service Club, Girls' Swimming Club, Investigation Com.

Although we have not heard much from Viola, those who know her know only good.



WATTS, FERRIS T.

403 South 11th Street

Technical Course. Prospects: Business

"All people said he had authority."

Varsity Track Team '22, '23, '24, Varsity Football '23, Vice-President Technical Club, President Mathematics Club, Vice-President Rifle Club, Gym Team '24.

One glance and the tale is told. Ferris's list of activities show his ability in the athletic field. We know he is also active in studies.



WEINBERG, CELIA

48 Chadwick Avenue

Commercial German. Prospects: Business

"A tender heart, a will inflexible."

Secretarial Club, Winner of Underwood Typing Medals.

Success is sure to be with you. Good luck.





WEISBERG, BARNEY

171 Osborne Terrace

College Prep. Prospects: Michigan

"Labor Omnia Vincit"

"Labor Conquers All."

Senior PIVOT Board: Secretary Spanish Club; Tennis Club; Latin Club; Assistant Football Manager; Riding Club.

Barney has proven by his favorite saying, "Co-operation, old Kid," that he is there with the makings of a man.



WILLIAMS, JULIA E.

217 Bank Street

Arts Course. Prospects: N.Y. School of Fine and Applied Arts

"It is a friendly heart that has plenty of friends."

Dante Literary Club, Constitution Com. Dante Literary Club, Glee Club, Orchestra, Art Exhibition, Gym Exhibition.

Your pleasing personality will be of a great help to you during your future years.



WILLIAMS, HELENE

56 Miller Street

Commercial Spanish. Prospects: Business

"Nothing is more useful than silence."

Helene is one of our best Centralities in regard to her interest in all her studies.



ZUCKERMAN, ISADORE

58 Sixteenth Avenue

College Preparatory. Prospects: Columbia

"Steadfastness is a noble quality."

Chess and Checkers Club, Orchestra, Tennis Club, History Club. Isadore is well liked by all who know him. Keep it up.

THE PIVOT

BOCHNER, ALLAN

573 South 17th Street

Technical Course. Newark Technical College

"None but himself can ever be his parallel."

Allen knows a lot, but says little. He is sure to be successful.

GALVIN, JEANETTE S.

287 Sussex Avenue

Commercial. Prospects: Business

"Silence is golden."

Typewriting Medal, Secretarial Club.

Jeanette has not taken part in very many of the school's activities but nevertheless she has been one of Central's most studious students.

GROO, RAYMOND

35 Nye Avenue

Technical Course. Prospects: Undecided

"Above all, a man."

Raymond has not been very active, but is an advantage to Central because of his good work.

HIGHTON, FRANCIS E.

77 Roseville Avenue

Commercial Spanish. Prospects: Undecided.

"Lo! The conquering hero comes."

Varsity Baseball '22, '24, Secretarial Club.

We know that Eddie has been very active in athletics while he was quite busy with his studies. Such remarkable traits are enjoyable in a student.

KLEIN, LEO

791 South 13th Street

College Prep. Prospects: University of Calif.

President of Central Service Club; English "C" Com.; Football '22, '23. Indoor Track '22.

MARQUARDT, WILLIAM H.

42 May Street

Technical Course. Prospects: Business

"A friend in need is a friend indeed."

A boy who thinks twice before he speaks and what he says is worth listening to.

SMITH, MILTON WOLFE

771 South 12th Street

General French. Prospects: University of Maryland

"Fate tried to conceal him by naming him 'Smith' "

Football '22, '23, Rifle Team, "Charm School."

They shall not pass him by with his wonderful smile as a magnet.

THE BALLOT OF THE 4A'S

Most Popular Boy

James Apostolakos
William Mulligan

Most Popular Girl

Anne H. Kapp
Frances Grau

Best Looking Boy

Malcolm McClinchie
Edward Schilling

Best Looking Girl

Harriet Fishbein
Martha F. Helfer

Best Dresser—Boy

Edward Schilling
Barney Weisberg

Best Dresser—Girl

Lucy Silverman
Etta K. Cohen

Best Athlete—Boy

Emanuel Rosen
Ferris Watts

Best Athlete—Girl

Maude Schwartz
Jenny Abramowitz

Best Dancer—Boy

Oscar Fidel
Malcolm McClinchie

Best Dancer—Girl

Florence Gottfreid
Frances Rosenbaum

Most Boyish Girl

Marguerite Mason
Maude Schwartz

Most Obliging Boy

Robert Campiglia
James Apostolakos

Most Obliging Girl

Alice Freeman
Sadie Kutchinsky

Laziest Boy

Ferris Watts
Max Goldberg

Laziest Girl

Dorothy Stulzaft
Harriet Fishbein

Wittiest Boy

Elmer Savage
Joseph Rosenbloom

Wittiest Girl

Etta K. Cohen
Anna Cohen

Hardest Worker—Girl

Frances Grau
Sonie Goldberg

Hardest Worker—Boy

James Apostolakos
Joseph Bocchini

Best All-Around Girl

Frances Grau
Dorothy Stulzaft

Best All Around Boy

Ed. Seligman
David Sarbone

Jolliest Boy

Joseph Rosenbloom
David Sarbone

Jolliest Girl

Frances Grau
Lucy Silverman

Most Conceited Girl

Sonia Goldberg
Elinor Taub

Class Orator

Fanny Skoloff
Nathan Mutnick

Biggest Bluffer

Joseph Bruder
Rose Goodman

Most Studious Boy

Oscar Fidel

Most Studious Girl

Alice Freeman

Best Mixer—Boy

Nathan Spector
Joseph Rosenbloom

Best Mixer—Girl

Anne H. Kapp
Martha Heslowitz

Class Vamp

Etta K. Cohen
Lucy Silverman

Class Sheik

Joseph Rosenbloom
Edward Schilling

Class Baby

Anne H. Kapp
Edward Seligman

Quietest Boy

Joseph Bocchini
Elmer Savage

Quietest Girl

Alva Hokinson
Alice Freeman

Noisiest Girl

Rose Goodman
Elinor Taub

Noisiest Boy

Leo Klein
Joseph Rosenbloom

THE PIVOT

IN 108

By Sydney Kolbert

To 108 the cutters go,
Seated in arm chairs row on row,
That mark our place and in the book,
The pen still writing while we look,
Scarce heard amid the noise below.

In 108.

We are the guilty—short hours ago
We cut, went down, saw Loew's show,
Cut and helped cut, and now we sit

In 108.

I'm through this cutting of the class:
To you from suffering body I pass
The chair; be yours to hold it down,
If ye do that act of punk renown:—
We shall not cut though chairs remain

In 108.

FAMOUS SAYINGS OF OUR FAMOUS SENIORS

Frances Grau—"Please keep quiet—I'm speaking."
Joe Bruder—"According to Parliamentary proceedings."

Joe Bocchini—"It's not size that counts."

Dave Sarbone—"I refuse to be President of the United States."

Martha Helfer—"What are you doing tonight, Etta?"

Anne Kapp—"Oh! Yea!"

Asher Kantor—"Aw, gee!"

Barney Weisberg—"Cooperation, old kid."

Etta K. Cohen—"Don't leave out the K in my name."

Sonia Goldberg—"Have you heard my new poem?"

David Boxer—"I resign."

Harold Goldberger—"D. T. B. D."

Joseph Rosenbloom—"My name is Gregory Nathaniel Fiore de Rosa."

Morris Targer—"Why did I kiss that girl."

Peggy Jaffee—"Call me between 6 and 7."

Emanuel Cohen—"Do you know anyone who graduated Bergen St. School in '21?"

A SENIOR'S LAMENT

By Fannie Kaplan

I remember, I remember
My first day here at high
For when the teacher scolded me
I surely thought I'd die
I never came a second late
Nor ever stayed away
But now I often wish I could
Live o'er again that day.

I remember, I remember
When in my drawing class
I never knew to do a thing
For I was as green as grass
When teacher said to me, "My dear,
Apply some elbow grease."
I meekly raised my eyes and asked,
"Where is it if you please?"

I remember, I remember
Those teachers good and sweet.
They used to teach us easy ways
In which our tasks to meet.
One said, "Don't shirk your duty,"
Another, "Work with will."
And the long, long years have proved to me
Their wisdom holds true still.

FAMOUS QUESTIONS

A woman's—"What did she have on?"

A man's—"What's his business?"

A child's—"What's he goin' to bring me?"

An office worker's—"When is pay day?"

A husband's—"What cha got for dinner?"

A wife's—"How about some house money?"

A flapper's—"What does he look like?"

A politician's—"How's yourself? How's the Mrs.
How's the kids?"

A traveling salesman's—"Ever hear this story?"

The smoker's—"Have you got a match?"

THE PIVOT

Irma Deutsch in the background falls
But is already when duty calls
Her manner is quaint, for she is coy,
She reminds us of a pretty French toy.

Joseph Bruder we find everywhere
Whatever the occasion, he is always there
We like to have him for he brings joy,
He is a good all-around boy.

Milton Isaacson is a studious boy,
To receive high marks is his greatest joy,
Milton will some day prove to you
That "Silence is golden" is very true.

Robert Campiglia is a regular "guy."
He is liked by all in Central High,
To be obliging, it certainly pays
For of Robert we always speak with praise.

David Sarbone is strong and tall
He is a friend too, and a friend to all
He is jolly and witty, too,
Like him there are but few.

Anne H. Kapp is liked by all
She is as good as she is tall,
We admire her for her will and pluck
Here's wishing her lots of luck.

Max Goldberg is a lad quite short
But is indeed a perfect sport,
At his studies he is quite wise,
And as a dancer he takes first prize?

Jennie Abramowitz is bound to rise
For she is ambitious and always tries,
To do the things required and do them right,
Though there may be many obstacles to fight.

Ferris Watts many a mile can run,
His team will miss him when he is gone.
He is indeed a sportsman fine,
And with greatest athletes falls in line.

Morris A. Targer though in stature small,
Has accomplished things praised by all,
We hope in the future many a story he'll write,
And continue the work begun as a Centralite.

Sophie Berger the girl with the golden hair,
Has large blue eyes and a complexion fair,
To be in her company is indeed a pleasure,
Her many good qualities we cannot measure.

Leonard Goldberg is another one you see,
Of the famous Goldberg family,
He is sure to reach great fame,
For in life he plays a fair game.

Eddie Schilling is our class sheik,
He grows more popular week by week,
He pays a good deal of attention to his looks,
But not quite as much to his books.

Bill Mulligan, a tall lad you'll find,
Of good character and steady mind,
He is one of our great athletes,
And helped to win many a school meet.

Jessie Granick, so sweet and fair,
Has decided not to bob her hair,
For she believes in the old story,
A woman's hair is her crowning glory.

Elmer Savage the musician of our class,
Great composers will some day surpass,
He has proven to us that he is wise,
And many a tune can he harmonize.

Eddie Seligman we will always remember,
For he is an ardent senior member,
Like Colossus is his stature,
To accomplish great things is his nature.

Etta Cohen pardon, I didn't mean to say,
Etta Cohen without the K.
She feels sure she'll rise to fame,
By having the K. put with her name.

Lucy Silverman is the vamp of our class,
A beautiful picture she reflects in the glass,
Be she on land, or be she on shore
The male sex flock around her galore.

Dotty Stulzaft in future life will make good,
For one always finds her in a pleasant mood,
She believes in the saying so old and true,
Laugh and the world will laugh with you.

THE PIVOT

Fannie Kaplan's expression makes her seem,
To look as though she were always in a dream.
But in a short while she set us believing,
That a person's looks are certainly deceiving.

Joseph Bocchini is a lad full of grit,
He is known everywhere for his humor and wit,
He goes about his work in the proper way,
A prominent being he will surely be some day.

Frances Rosenbaum has large expressive eyes,
The color of which she stole from the skies.
She is clever and prudent,
And hence a good student.

Peggy Jaffee plays her part in the flapper stage,
She is a perfect specimen of the age,
To her boyish bob none can compare,
For it is made very charming with her auburn hair.

Alva Hokinson, of her we are fond,
She is indeed a charming young blonde.
She is so sweet and her manner so shy,
She is a credit to Central High.

Louis Heuser at his studies is a shark,
We are sure he will reach the mark,
He is generally on the honor board,
The good are bound to receive their reward.

FOND REMEMBRANCES

Miss Martin's hospitality.
Marks on report cards.
Miss Gordon's system.
Doc. Schleicher's wise cracks.
Jimmie's short trousers.
Max Goldber's knickers.
Anne Kapp's activities.
The efficient Mr. Mahon.
Mr. Skolnick's permanent wave.
Max Walter's artistic ability.
Etta K. Cohen's signature without the K
Peggy Jeffee's freckles.
Morris Targer's romantic love making.
Joe Bruder's athletic ability.

ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE

Fashion	Malcolm McClinchie
Flossie	Frances Grau
Innocent Eyes	Anne Kapp
Sitting Pretty	Max Goldberg
(In Hezekiah's Country Store)	
The Right to Dream.....	Peggy Jaffee
The Miracle.....	Mary Flynn
The Bride	Lucy Silverman
Meet The Wife.....	Morris Targer
Moonlight.....	Eddie Schilling
Seventh Heaven.....	Rabstein Graduation Night
Plain Jane.....	Alice Freeman
Little Jessie James.....	Jimmy Apostolakos
Why Did I Kiss That Girl.....	Harold Goldberger
Linger Awhile.....	Florence Gottfried
Going South.....	Elmer Savage
Hairbreadth Harry.....	Bill Mulligan
Slim Jim.....	Ed. Seligman
Dollie Dimple.....	Sonia Goldberg
Skeezix.....	Frances Rosenbaum

COMPLIMENTS
OF
A FRIEND
R. S.

SENIOR SLAMS

NAME	OTHERWISE	DISTINGUISHING CHARACTERISTIC	AILMENT	CURE	HOW THEY GOT THROUGH	DOOM
1—Abramowitz, Jenny	Jen	No Pep	Quietness	More Pep	Overlooked	Saleslady
2—Apostolakis, James D.	Jimmie	Name	Short Pants	Longies	Voted	Pres. Greek Republic
3—Aronowitz, Fanny	Fay	Stoutness	Work	Rest	Tried Hard	School Marm
4—Bentz, Evelyn	Evy	Smile	Fellows	Convent	Studied	Sweet Sister
5—Berger, Sophie	Soph	Hair	Sleepiness	Cold bath	Slept	Red Cross Nurse
6—Bocchini, Joseph	Bo	Hard Work	Latin	Study	Ask Mr. Arnold	"Doc"
7—Bochner, Allen	Al	Feet	Pest	Chloroform	Shouted	Fish Peddler
8—Boxer, David L.	Dave	Pest	Talk	Lock Jaw	Scared the teachers	"Oil" Salesman
9—Bruder, Joseph	Joe	Size	Parl. Procedure	Jail	Bluffed	Congressman
10—Campiglia, Robert	Camp	Stuttering	Shorthand	Lose Pencil	Tried	Shorthand Expert
11—Caprio, Lena	Lee	Knowledge	Overstudy	Rest	Deserved	French Teacher
12—Cohen, Anna	Ann	Complexion	Color	Water	Skid	Baby Nurse
13—Cohen, Bessie	Bess	Smile	Giggles	Lemon	Giggled	Typist
14—Cohen, Emanuel B.	Manny	Superstition	Girl's Eyes	Blinkers	Read the stars	Fortune Teller
15—Cohen, Etta K.	Lizz	Stockings	What Not	Hopeless	Surprised	Who can tell?
16—Cohen, Eva	Eve	Black Dresses	French	Miss Undritz	Talked	Janitress
17—Deutch, Irma	Dutchie	Boyish Bob	Reserved	Blow out	Tiptoeed	Dairy Maid
18—Ebenfeld, Pauline	Paul	Glasses	Blushing	Adam	By being good	Old Maid
19—Edelman, Louis	Lou	Good Nature	Squinting	Glasses	Ask Mr. Sinclair	Chicken Inspector
20—Edelstein, Rose S.	Ro	Chubbiness	Shrimp	Vitamines	Side-stepped	Librarian
21—Eisenberger, Lena	Lee	Quietness	Typing	Graduation	Typed	Somebody's Stenog.
22—Fidel, Oscar	Osc	Brains	Study	Vacation	Well Deserved	Philosopher
23—Fishbein, Harriet	Harry	Smile	Beauty	Stronger Sex	Smiled	Manicurist
24—Flynn, Mary	Marie	Weight	Hair	Comb	Plugged	Old Ladies' Home
25—Freeman, Alice	Allie	Long Hair	Study	Diploma	Honor Roll	Teacher
26—Friedman, Evelyn A.	Evy	Stoutness	Eating	Diet	Rolled	Patroness
27—Galvin, Jeanette	Jean	Quietness	No Pep	T. N. T.	Skid	Steno.
28—Garland, Esther	Essie	Eyes	Study	(?)	Worked	School Marm
29—Goldberg, Sadie M.	Sonya	Poetess	Concitt	Bigger Hat	Studied	Suffragette
30—Goldberg, Max	Maxele	Pest	R. F.	Someone Else	Pested	Bootlegger
31—Goldberg, Leonard	Lenny	Earnestness	Obliging	Keep It Up	School Spirit	Drummer
32—Goldberger, Harold A.	Red	Hair	Girls	Married Life	Midnight Oil	Broken Heart Dr.
33—Goodman, Rose	Ro	Noise	Talk	Teacher of Deaf	Made Teachers Sick	Old Maid
34—Goldman, Gertrude	Trudie	Pettie	Eyes	Black Glasses	Winked	Follies
35—Gottfried, Florence	Flossie	Shortness	Flapperism	Seriousness	Flapped	Chorus Girl
36—Granick, Jessie	Jess	Smile	Hair	Bob It	Naturally	Not Sure

SENIOR SLAMS---Continued

NAME	OTHERWISE	DISTINGUISHING CHARACTERISTIC	AILMENT	CURE	HOW THEY GOT THROUGH	DOOM
37—Grau, Frances	Frankie	Personality	Sweetness	Vinegar	Lucky	Edress-Ledger..... 37
38—Gruber, Benjamin	Bennie	Plunger	Work	Loaf	Secret	Jack-of-all-Trades..... 38
39—Handler, Helen	Hel	Argumentation	Nerve	Brains	Looked Clever?	Telephone Operator..... 39
40—Heller, Martha F.	Marcy	Size	Rotundity	Exercise	Rolled	Family..... 40
41—Holmes, Gladys	Gladie	Fairy Tales	(?)	(?)	Don't know	Maid..... 41
42—Heslowitz, Martha	Marty	Obliging	Cleverness	(8)	Naturally	A Success..... 42
43—Hessler, Magdeline	Maggie	Walk	Earnestness	Graduate	Recited	Suffragette..... 43
44—Heuser, Louis	Lou	Hair	Cornet	Jazz Band	Blew	Bazile 2nd..... 44
45—Highton, Edward F.	Eddie	Athlete	Baseball	Football	Batted	Bush Leaguer..... 45
46—Hokinson, Alva	Al	Red Cheeks	Shyness	A Beau	Teacher's Pet	Salvation Army Lass..... 46
47—Horland, Ruth A.	Ruthie	Dress	Boys	Married Life	Eventually	Beauty Parlor..... 47
48—Isaacson, Milton	Micky	Inactive	Bootleggers	Become One	Legitimately	Hard to Say..... 48
49—Jaffee, Pauline	Peggy	Freckles	Wild Nights	M. A. T.	Flirted	Vamp..... 49
50—Kantor, Asher	Ash	Determination	Good Looks	Tender Sex	Pulled	Arrow Collar Model..... 50
51—Kaplan, Fanny	Fannie	Hair	Quietness	Bomb	Won't Tell	Saleslady..... 51
52—Kaplan, Jessie	Jess	Eyes	History	Schleicher	Pushed	Poetess..... 52
53—Kapp, Anne	Pat	Height	H. G.	O. S.	Dragged	Aunt Dina..... 53
54—Katz, Solomon	Sol	Fat	Physics	Get Out	Slept	Circus..... 54
55—Klein, Leo	Leach	Chin	Height	Sawed Off	Battered Through	Model for Stringbean..... 55
56—Kopko, Mary	Marie	Complexion	Sweetness	Lemon	Studied	Pancake Turner..... 56
57—Kutchinsky, Sadie	Sadie	Books	Hair	Marcel wave	Won't tell	Chaperone..... 57
58—Lampariello, Joseph	Joe	Shorties	Beard	Shave	Slow, but sure	Chemist..... 58
59—Leon, Sidney	Sid	Always prepared	Plugging	Graduation	Honor Roll	"Prof"..... 59
60—Locklear, Thomas H.	Tom	Legs	Fairy	Wings	Flew	Frankfurter Model..... 60
61—Loebel, Clara	Clar	(?)	Never Heard	Noise	Overlooked	Stenog..... 61
62—Loenberg, Ruth L.	Sis	Height	Size	Sawed Off	Pull	Toe Dancer..... 62
63—Lorber, Frances	Francie	(?)	Everything	I wonder	Crawled	Dish Washer..... 63
64—Lushear, Harry A.	Harrie	Form	Undeveloped	Strongfort	Tried	Circus..... 64
65—McCinchie, Malcolm	Mac	Beauty	Girls	Army	Served time	Bachelor..... 65
66—McKay, Donald W.	Don	Brogue	Ambition	Runner	Ran	Floor Walker..... 66
67—Mason, Margerite	Peggy	Height	Hair	Bob It	Walked Quietly	Dairy Maid..... 67
68—Marshall, Frank	Frankie	Teeth	Size	Stilts	Unobserved	Errand Boy..... 68
69—Martucci, Ralph	Ralphie	Name	Thinness	Eat More Fats	Squeezed	Bookkeeper..... 69
70—Marquardt, William	Bill	Simpleness	Chem.	Pass It	Camouflaged	Farmer..... 70
71—Miele, Arthur	Art	"Hello"	Hurry	Stop	Hurried	Traffic Cop..... 71
72—Mulligan, William	Bill	Teeth	School	Graduate	Serve time	Olympic Star..... 72
73—Muttick, Nathan	Nat	Muteness	Reserved	A Beau	Was good	Bookkeeper..... 73
74—Nelson, Lornea	Lenny	Work	Blonde	Black Dye	Well deserved	Pen Pusher..... 74
75—Palasinski, Stephen	Stach	Toes	Nose	112-S-04	Nosed	Prohibition Agent..... 75

SENIOR SLAMS---Concluded

NAME	OTHERWISE	DISTINGUISHING CHARACTERISTIC	AILMENT	CURE	HOW THEY GOT THROUGH	DOOM
76—Perlman, Samuel	Sammy	Neatness	Girls	Desert	Slept	Salesman 76
77—Rabstein, Michel	Micky	Micky	Micky	Arsenic	Bluffed	Prof. Hokum 77
78—Rettig, Rose	Rifka	Jolliness	H. K.	H. K.	Ask E. S.	Divorcee 78
79—Rich, Alfred	Fred	Shyness	Worry	Pass Chem.	Loafed	Horse Doctor 79
80—Rommel, Fred	Fred	Sleepiness	Voice	Electrocution	Passed by	Ring Leader 80
81—Rothman, Etta	Etta	Red Hair	Quietness	Bomb	Tip toed	Manicurist 81
82—Rose, Evelyn	Evy	Smile	Modesty	Noise	Laughed	Meet Her Match 82
83—Rosen, Emanuel	Manny	Solemnness	Basketball	All State	Studied	Statesman 83
84—Rosenbaum, Frances	Bobby	Eyes	Dancing	J. P.	Danced	Stage 84
85—Rosenbloom, Joseph N.	Rosie	Sorority Pin	Targer	Drown Mat	Camouflaged	Epsilon Gamma Rho 85
86—Sarbone, David	Davy	Curls	Spanish	Pass It	Legitimately	(?) 86
87—Savage, Elmer	Savy	Earnestness	Cleverness	College	Deserved	Musician 87
88—Schilling, Edward	Ed	Looks	F. S.	Too Far Gone	Unknown	Rudy Valentino 88
89—Schwartz, Maude	Jack	Slimness	Dancing	Stage	Danced	Pavlova 89
90—Seligman, Edward	Ed	Hands	Horse Thief	Catch him	Sheriffed	Constable 90
91—Shuster, Harry	Harry	Elongation	Gym	Three grades	Doctored	Bartender 91
92—Silverman, Lucy	Lucy	Laugh	Goods Looks	Beau	Laughed	Vamped 92
93—Skoloff, Fanny	Fay	Figure	J. A.	Hopeless	Helped	Teacher 93
94—Smith, Milton W.	Tubby	Face	History	Study	Bluffed	Orator 94
95—Spector, Nathan	Nat	Sweaters	Inactiveness	School Spirit	Note Books	Walking Dictionary 95
96—Solomon, Lilian	Lil	Personality	Sammy	Another Guy	Giggled	Three Guesses 96
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101—Trautvetter, Viola	Vic	Teeth	Slimness	Puffed Rice	Worked	Snake Charmer 101
102—Watts, Ferris	Watsy	Medals	Runner	Champ	Ran	Olympic Champ 102
103—Weinberg, Celia	Cyl	Pianist	Advoirdupois	Exercise	Teacher's Fault	Errand Girl 103
104—Weisberg, Barney	Sparky	Bow Ties	Knickers	Long Pants	Ask Miss Bailly	Golf Champ 104
105—Williams, Helene	Helene	Height	Eyes	Glasses	Saw it through	Comedienne 105
106—Williams, Julia E.	Julie	Smile	Argumentation	Quietness	Talked	Soap Box Orator 106
107—Wood, Helen	Hel	Height	Complexion	Paint Brush	Walked quietly	Stenog. 107
108—Zuckerman, Isadore	Fooly	Chubbiness	Littlestness	Stretch Out	Ask Mr. Conovitz	Prodigy 108
109—Heppa, Gertrude	Gertie	Teeth	Hair	Bob It	Aimed	Hair Dresser 109
110—Alger, Blanford	Al	Blushing	Hair	Riley	Managed	Barber 110

THE PIVOT



DARNEY WEISBERG IS MADE
OFFICIAL LIFE GUARD IN THE
SLEEPYTOWN BATHS.



JOE BOCCINI GOES
TO A LONESOME SPOT
TO AVOID THE FAMILY
FROM USING HIS BEARD
AS A RUG



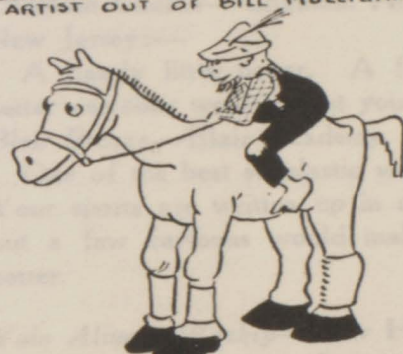
CENTRALS ART TEACHERS MAKE AN
ARTIST OUT OF BILL MULLIGAN.



HARRY SHUSTER OPENS A SODA
FACTORY AND DELIVERS THE
GOODS HIMSELF.
(HE ALWAYS LIKED TO DO THINGS HIMSELF
WHEN HE WAS IN CENTRAL)



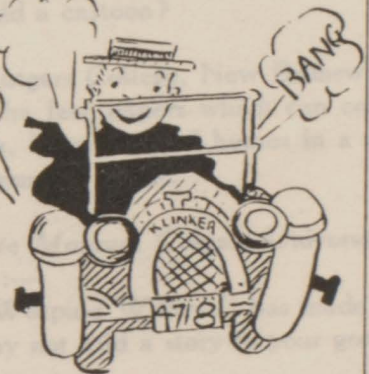
ANNE KAPP
HASN'T CHANGED A BIT



ELMER SAVAGE CAME IN 40TH
IN "HUMBUG DERBY RACES"
(ENTRIES FOR FARMED ONLY)

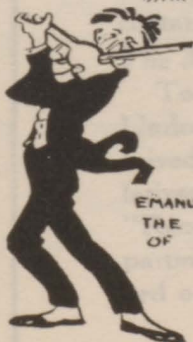


POW



BANG

MILTON ISAACSON HAS BEEN
ELECTED BY A MAJORITY TO
THE GOVERNMENT'S HIGHEST
POSITION
(CIVIL SERVICE EXAM) HAD TO BE TAKEN)



EMANUEL PFEIFFER
THE IMMORTAL
OF IMMORTALS

ROSE GOODMAN- WHEN
I WAS IN CENTRAL-ETC-ETC.



DAVE BARBONE GOT INTO
THIS STYLE OF WALKING FROM
"HEZEKIAH'S COUNTRY STORE"

UUU
UUU
UUU



HUGH SCHWARTZ GIVES
A LECTURE ON-
WHY POTATOES ARE
PEELED

MAX WALTER

EXCHANGE



NOTES

It was a hot summer night. I was sitting at my desk preparing to complete my duties as Exchange Editor. Before me was piled a great number of magazines from schools all over the United States, waiting to be picked up, read and commented upon. I began this pleasant but arduous task, and as the weary hours dragged on into the night, the list on my paper grew slowly but surely.

Suddenly I felt a dull sensation creep over me, and the light waned. Lo! Before my eyes there appeared a genii and standing majestically in front of me he drew forth from the voluminous folds of his brilliant garment a long sheet of paper, and with these words he presented it to me.

"I am an emissary from the Great one. He, taking pity on you sent me from the regions unknown, to deliver these comments on the papers to you."

And with a loud ringing he disappeared. The ringing continued and I felt myself being gently shaken. I opened my eyes and found my mother standing beside me. Then the realization that morning was here came to me! I had fallen asleep in my chair, with my clothes on! But—ah! before me on the desk there lay a neat little manuscript, the work of the night before. This is what the manuscript contained:

The Mirror—Central High School, Philadelphia, Pa.

To you goes first mention in our exchange column. Undoubtedly you are the best exchange we have received. We can speak only in complimentary superlatives of your "Uncle Welly," "Who's Who," "Recorded Around School," and other excellent departments. Your cover did not come up to the standard of the contents.

Chatham Chatter—Chatham High School, Chatham, New Jersey:—

A dandy little paper. A few more stories and better cartoons would boost your paper considerably.

Blair Breeze—Blair Academy, Blairstown, N. J.:—

One of the best scholastic weeklies in the country. Your sports are written up in an admirable fashion, but a few cartoons would make your paper still better.

Yale Alumni Weekly—New Haven, Conn.:—

In our estimation you have one of the best college weeklies. Your editorials are indeed very excellent. Why not add a cartoon?

Targum, Rutgers College, New Brunswick, N. J.:—

One of the few papers which can combine college news, sports, literature and humor in a manner pleasing to the general public.

The Colgate Maroon, Colgate University, Hamilton, New York:—

Your "Weeping Willows" has made us green with envy. Why not add a story to your good paper.

The Orient, East Side High School, Newark, N. J.:—

Your Senior edition is a good one. We see by the number of good poems that you have some budding poets. Give them plenty of space to exercise their ability. The poor cartoons mar your good paper.

Rennslaer Polytechnic, Troy, N. Y.:—

A very good periodical. Your paper interests our technical students.

THE PIVOT

The Owl, Wadliegh High School, New York City:
One of the best girl papers in the country. Why not let your artists show their talent?

The Chattle Echo, Chattle High School, Long Branch, N. J.:

Your literary material and poems are excellent, but the lack of cartoons and an attractive cover detracts from the value of your publication.

Continuation News, Boys' Continuation School, Newark, N. J.:

Considering the fact that you edit and print your own paper, we think you deserve a great deal of credit. A story or two would add greatly to the value of your paper.

Kansas Industrialist, Kansas State Agricultural College, Manhattan, Kan.:

Your paper contains very interesting statistics. Why not add a few good stories?

The Enterprise, Roxbury High School, Boston, Mass.

We rate you among our list of the best. An exceedingly well arranged paper. Keep up the good work.

Kayrix, St. Benedict's Prep. Newark, N. J.:

Again we cannot help but place you among those on top of the heap. Your paper is excellent as a whole.

The Student Crier. Fairbury Township High School, Fairbury, Ill.:

Poor cuts spoil your otherwise well written paper.

The Advance, Salem High School, Salem, Mass.:

A very beautiful cover. Your monotonous prophecy detracts from the merits of your publication.

The Red and Black, Hillsboro High School, Tampa, Florida:

Your last edition is up to your usual standard of good work. Keep it up!

The Optimist, South Side High School, Newark, N.J.

Your Senior edition is one of the best we have received so far. Your literary department is not far from perfect.

The Oriole, Baltimore City College, Baltimore, Md.:

A wonderful paper. Your "Frat" section is unique and interesting. We are sorry we cannot follow your excellent example.

CLASS SONG

August 1924

Words by Fannie Kaplan Music by Elmer Savage

A joyful song to the White and Blue!

Two colors we revere—

Its white for honor taught to you!

Its blue for truth taught here!

We'll love thy halls, thy very name

Through life's eternity

We'll go on loving you the same

Though distant we may be.

We've learned to love thy pleasant rooms

Where fateful hours were spent;

In leaving you, a memory looms

Of heads in study bent.

So Alma Mater, hear my song,

School of White and Blue!

May love for you be with us long!

May we to you be true!

CHORUS

Sing, rejoice, for Alma Mater!

Raise Banners to the sky!

Unfurl the flag of the White and Blue,

Emblem of Central High.

THE PIVOT

IN FUTURUM

By Morris Targer

Everything is in preparation! After years of experimenting, I have discovered the secret of rapidity. The hour approaches twelve. At the last stroke I shall light the witch powders. If I fail, I will have sacrificed myself for the sake of science. If not, no one knows what will happen. Hark! The first peal rings out in the still night. I laugh dryly as I notice how my hand trembles, and a bead of cold sweat rolls down my forehead. Ten-eleven-twelve. The scratch of a match—I touch it to the powders. Instantly a blue glare surrounds me. I feel myself being lifted up by some unknown power, out of the wide-open skylight, up into space. Rapidly the twinkling lights of the city fade away, and the next moment I am unconscious. Up-up-up—

I know not how long I was unconscious but I was awakened by someone roughly shaking me. I awoke and found myself gazing at—could it be he, Joe Bruder. He was seven feet tall, and possessed huge flapping ears and webbed feet. He was surrounded by some sort of mist, and I could see him but faintly.

In a stentorian voice he announced: "I am the reincarnation of Joseph Bruder, Olympic track star. I am aware of your purpose here on Mars; so come, I will guide you that you may see your old companions."

He whistled shrilly, and a moment later, with a flapping of wings, a beautiful snow-white horse appeared from out of the sky. I was thunderstruck; but he bade me mount and soon we were away, flying hard and fast. As we flew along, we passed many strange craft, and a cry came from my lips as I saw James Apostalokos and Frances Grau flying past with smiles of welcome on their faces as they waved to me. I learned later that this was a royal bus they were riding in, and that Jimmie and Frances were the royal couple from the land of the Wampi.

Suddenly a strange noise came from our steed and we began to descend. Down we went, until we landed in a strange walled garden. Mysterious orange-colored plants and flowers confronted me and a peculiar noise coming from behind some bushes aroused my curiosity. So, stepping cautiously, I peered through.

There, lolling in the shade of a Gazookus tree, I beheld four maidens, all scantily clad, wearing silk pantaloons and shining breast plates. Strange as it may seem this first one was my former classmate, Lucy Silverman; and there, blowing on some weird instrument, was Irma Deutsch. There was also Martha Heslowitz—she of the resonant voice—who now crooned softly to herself and—why—Harriet Fishbein, jazz baby, was cutting capers while she played a saxaphone.

A little while later we were away. Now my guide announced to me that we would visit the Queen's palace. Scarcely had we landed when we were seized by two royal guardsman, Nathan Mutnick and Sidney Leon. My guide, however, merely showed them a ring of peculiar design on his finger and they immediately retired. We then entered a vast chamber. The ceiling was one massive glass dome that scintillated multi-colored hues of flame. Fantastic and grotesque tapestries adorned the walls. At one end of the room was a throne, high and great, carved of some unknown material that radiated various colors. Upon it, garbed in a long, flowing, white robe sat the Queen—Anne Kapp. Standing at her side was Malcolm McClinchie, minister of war. I was overjoyed at seeing them, and we spoke reminiscently of our days at Central.

"But come," said Anne, "and I will show you around the palace."

We entered a low-hung room of curious design. In the center, sitting on a peculiar chair, was Joseph Rosenbloom, Martian "Barrymore," deep in thought. Suddenly he sprang up and in a thundering tone began to soliloquize. That he was rehearsing for a new play was easily evident. A moment later he sank to the chair exhausted. I smiled to myself when I recalled that Joe used to be the class actor. However, we passed on to the next room. It stretched as far as the eye could see, and on a platform in the center was Mitchel Rabstein, orator extraordinary. He was gesticulating wildly and speaking some tongue

THE PIVOT

that was new to me. I tried to attract his attention but it was quite useless. On we went. In another room, dimly lighted and scented, I beheld Eddie Schilling and his harem. Silken-clad girls danced for him. I looked closely and saw among the girls Florence Gottfried, Etta Cohen, and Martha Helfer. I waved to them and went on. Here we came to a room where all was silent. Incense burned sweetly and at first I could see no one, but I looked closely and saw four men in a corner, sitting around a table. I tip-toed over and saw Charles Schauner, Ferris Watts, Joseph Lampariello and Fred Rommel. champions of Mars, deeply absorbed in an exciting game of Mah Jong. Every once in a while one would utter in a guttural tone, "Pung." I laughed heartily. Here my guide became impatient, so after bidding Anne a fond farewell, I left. In the Palace yard, I stopped as I saw a commotion. Running over, I saw Oscar Fidel doing the "Dance of the Silver Balls" assisted by Jenny Abramowitz and Elinor Taub. He waved to me, but continued to dance. My guide and I again mounted the horse and a moment later we were again flying among billowy clouds. Suddenly two girls shot past us on roller skates and looking closely after them, I saw they were Maude Schwartz and Evelyn Rose, racing for the supremacy of girls' athletics in Mars. Now I noticed that our noble steed again was falling. However, this time we alighted on the roof of a building. Peering through the skylight, I perceived a strange drama being enacted below. First, dressed wholly in black, appeared Morris Targer, writing another book, followed by his sweetheart, Peggy Jaffee. She was tall and beautiful, and was it possible, she had no more freckles. I saw her pleading with Morris, but he was too absorbed in his book to pay any attention to her. Finally, with a shriek I saw her draw a knife from her gown and strike Morris with it. I shouted, but to my surprise he kept on writing. I later learned that no metal could touch him because he wore Paris garters. Finally Morris, seeing that he was neglecting her, threw aside his book and took her in his arms, and——

Here I was interrupted by a strange procession that filed slowly past, giving musical selections at regular intervals, among which I faintly recalled the strains of our class song, written by Fannie Kaplan, now a great composer. Leading it was Harold Goldberger, tall, red-haired, and bearded, who solemnly marched

along. This procession was for the benefit of the fingerless violin players. Following him were Alfred Anderson, who was still flunking chemistry, Raymond Groo, as handsome as ever, and Isador Zuckerman, who was still as round as a barrel, and a multitude of others. Further on I saw Nathan Spector arguing with Jessie Kaplan, his wife, as to who should wheel the baby carriage, whose occupant was Edward Seligman, their adopted child. We continued to walk and soon beheld Esther Garland, posing for her picture which was being taken by the eminent photographer, David Boxer. In a box-like enclosure I saw Max and Sadie Goldberg, playing tag. Nearby were Leonard Goldberg and Milton Isaacson, proprietors of a concession stand. Finally we came to a stairway and we descended. On the bottom, we saw Dave Sarbone, who had become famous overnight, through his invention of real green orangeade. He was trying to sell some to Rose Edelstein and Frances Rosenbaum, aesthetic dancers. Soon we emerged into a great field and saw posing there, Barney Weisberg, the dude. He was fashion personified and was the admiring glance of a crowd that included Emanuel Rosen, and Ralph Martucci, short story writers. In a quaint little house I saw Evelyn Bentz playing "jacks" with Emanuel Cohen. I learned that they were man and wife. They seemed to be enjoying themselves immensely, so I decided not to bother them, but continued on. In front of a movie palace was advertised "Rose Rettig" in "The Hazards of Hortense," a thrilling drama of love and hate that carries one from the heights of joy to the depths of despair. I went in and eagerly saw Rose accomplish death-defying deeds. Then came the news events and we saw William Mulligan win a cross-continental run after a plucky fight, and there was Robert Campiglia, champion typist, who could type faster than anyone could talk.

After the performance I went out and there met Joseph Bocchini, the politician. He introduced me to his private secretary, Alice Freeman, who in turn introduced me to her secretary, Mary Flynn. Later I met Harry Shuster who invited me to his home for dinner. I acquiesced and soon we were at his door. The butler, whom I saw was Milton Smith, took our coats and then Harry introduced me to his wife, Bessie Cohen. After a hearty meal, I left with many thanks, always followed by my faithful guide who was con-

THE PIVOT

tent to let me lead the way. As we hurried along, a shot rang out, and a man running along, fell dead. I stooped to see who it was and lo! It was Stephen Palasinski, shot dead by his arch foe, Alfred Rich. I summoned the Chief of Police, William Marquardt, who left the body in charge of his deputies, the Man twins, Louis Edel and Sam Perl. I hastened along, saddened by this recent affair, when suddenly my guide stopped me and pointed. I looked and saw advancing in a "Foroyce," a new sort of car, those chums, Gertrude Heppa, Eva Cohen, Margaret Mason and Fanny Skoloff. I called to them but they went on, rollicking along. They were coming home from a finishing school. Just then I heard some familiar voices. I turned around and saw Rose Goodman, Anna Cohen and Jessie Granick singing in a Salvation Army band. I gave a dollar and went away, feeling highly elated. Imagine my surprise when I saw Frank Marshall go past, wearing goggles and looking extremely sedate and serious. He was a teacher of chemistry. Walking at his side was his co-worker, Sophie Berger. She appeared old and walked with a slight limp. I chatted with them for a few moments and then went on. By this time it was getting late, so we began to retrace our steps. Going back, I saw a little shop labeled "Aronowitz and Ebenfeld—Funny Face Store." I looked in but they were too busy, so I went on. Lena Caprio was on the next corner, selling some new hair restorer. I passed on with a friendly smile and was almost knocked down when Ben Gruber ran into me. "I beg your pardon," he said. "I must get an aeroplane." I gazed after him in astonishment as he raced away.

As I walked hurriedly along I saw Allan Lushear take a girl into a cab and drive away. I was surprised, for when I knew Allan, he was exceedingly shy. Nearby I saw Allan Bockner, soap box orator, speaking for the fame of Red Russia. Asher Kantor and Edward Highton had opened up a school for athletics which included Donald MacKay, famous lolly pop man. Harold Locklear and Helene Williams had been joined in the bonds of matrimony and were a happy couple, while my old friend Sol Katz, had turned minister and went on through life wedding happy couples. Viola Trautvetter and Magdaline Hessler were both lawyers and were establishing quite a reputation for themselves.

Further on I saw someone in a window who looked familiar. Running over I saw that it was Celia Weinberg, who was quite a sensation in feats of strength. Finally we arrived at the house where we came from. Just outside I noticed a little lunch-room, which was owned by Gertrude Goldman, Lonea Nelson and Evelyn Friedman. I helloed them.

We began a hasty ascent to the roof, where our mount patiently awaited us. On the way up, I saw a huge picture of Helen Handler and Alva Hokanson, retired suffragettes, who had worked faithfully to put woman on an equal plane with man. Suddenly a burst of music came to my ears and running to the roof I beheld a jazz orchestra there. Leading it was Elmer Savage, master cornetist. Sitting in line were Louis Heuser, who rapturously played the shoe horn while Dorothy Stulzaft charmed the assemblage by playing the heart strings. Edward Stark nearby played a wicked ear drum. Unconsciously my feet began to move in rhythm and seizing the nearest girl, Clara Loebel, we began to fox-trot to the tunes of Martian syncopation. Arthur Miele was unable to resist the temptation and seizing Sadie Kutchinsky, he joined in.

Here my guide abruptly seized me and we mounted our steed. I became aware of a dizzying sensation and the next moment I was falling. As I fell I dimly saw faces peering at me and I saw Julia Williams gazing at me awe-stricken, and right after her Ruth Horland and Frances Lorber screaming — screaming a roaring in my ears and I was unconscious—down—down—down—down—.

A crash and all is quiet. I am now recovering in a hospital from a serious accident which remains a mystery to all the world. Can it be that I really visited Mars or was it merely a turn of my sub-conscious mind that caused me to think of my old days at Central? Was it a dream or stark reality? Was it an illusion or a stern fact? I am still at a loss to know.

His mother called him Willie.

His sister called him Will.

But when he went to college

To dad 'twas Bill, Bill, Bill.



THE MORNING FORUM

This department is devoted to the interests of public speaking in Central, being not only a record of all speeches given in the auditorium, but an encouragement and friendly criticism for the benefit of our budding orators.



On Tuesday, June 10, Hortense Greenwald, winner of the second prize at an exhibition held recently at Barringer High School, performed a Russian Dance for us. Her talent was well displayed, which proved to us that she well deserved the medal she received.

June 10—Elmer Savage, "Edward McDowell." Your speech and piano selections were delivered excellently, and appreciated by all.

June 10—Etta Rothman, "Follow me to the Woods." Everyone surely did follow you, as softly as you spoke.

June 13—Margaret Hoffman, "The Story of the American Flag." A very interesting speech.

June 13—Emma Lanza, "The Meaning of Our Flag." You certainly did convince your audience that Our Flag is the One and Only.

June 13—Oscar Fidel, "Dogs and Dogs." Quite a variety of "Dogs" were impressed upon our minds.

June 13—Evelyn Bents, "Edna Millay." A good talk.

June 13—Leona Herber, "Arabian Nights." A good subject, but not very clearly delivered.

June 17—Sadie Goldberg, "The Coming of Immortals." You paved the path with roses for the Immortals.

June 18—Lennea Nelson, "Radio as the First World-wide Language." A well chosen topic, mastered well.

June 18—Sarah Gibelsky, "Public Speaking." You practiced what you preached.

June 18—Lena Caprio, "Some Well-known Nursery Rhymes." We were all interested in your well delivered speech.

June 18—Anna Greenberg, "Central's Own." You certainly did help put the play across by your enthusiastic talk.

June 18—Mollie Keen, "The Reward of Scholarship." After hearing your speech, I am sure your club will meet with great success.

June 19—Mae Flachner, "Laughter." A well chosen topic delivered in a very sweet voice.

June 19—Pearl Lynn, "How Many Real Friends Have You?" Good judgment was shown by you in the selection of the topic. Very well done.

June 19—Magdaline Hessler, "When Greek Meets Greek." You certainly did do away with a possible collision.

June 19—Betty Feinberg, "Theater Going." A good talk which showed preparation and thought.

June 23—Donald McKay, "Jack and Jill Variations." You seem to know just what the audience wants—come again.

THE PIVOT

June 23—James Faggin, "Radio Stations along the Polar Frontier to Help Weathermen." You certainly did make us feel cool, speaking about the frozen North.

June 24—Ethel Lehman, "4C Dance." A crowded gym was the result of your announcement.

June 24—Robert Campiglia, "Views of Education." We hope your views will be adopted by Centralites.

June 24—Charles Schauner, "Financial Illiteracy." A very well told topic.

June 25—Fannie Kaplan, "A Topic of Interest." A successful dance was the result of your talk and prologue.

June 25—Hilda Zund, "The Real Land of the Free." A well delivered speech.

June 25—Martha Heslowitz, "Smiles." You certainly did convince your audience that it pays to "keep smiling."

June 26—John Di Carlo, "Origin of Dancing." Many dancers appeared on the gym floor after your instructions.

June 27—Max Kaplan, "The Manhattan Extension." A well chosen topic.

June 30—Gertrude Milkman, "Photography by Telephone." By your full detailed talk, we are sure the said invention will be a huge success.

June 30—Samuel Perlman, "The One Person." A good delivery of an interesting topic.

July 1—Max Edlin, "The Olympic Games." The topic held the attention of those who are athletically inclined.

July 1—Mark Liska, "A Poet's Shrine." Your subject was of interest to all.

July 2—Fanny Aronowitz, "Walking." I am sure that "Walking" will now become one of the features of the daily dozens.

July 2—David Sarbone, "Little People's World." Your voice was clear and loud. The expressions you used were good.

July 2—Helen B. Balshan, "4B Dance." Your sweet voice surely helped make the dance a success.

July 3—Rose Goodman, "The Significance of the Fourth." Thanks for the knowledge you gave us in regard to the Fourth.

July 3—Dorothy Stulzaft, "The Origin of the Fourth." We all appreciated the explanation of the origin.

July 3—Helen Handler, "The Spirit of the Fourth of July Celebrate." Your topic was important and well rendered.

July 8—Ruth Soroka, "Success." By your well chosen topic we are sure you will easily reach that goal called "Success."

July 8—Mary Kopko, "Filial Duty, According to the Chinese." A louder voice would have been a good help. Otherwise a fine speech.

July 8—Frances Lorber, "If A Man Leaves His Village." Delivered in a very good voice.

July 11—Betty Surles, "Important Things." Your frequent speeches are looked forward to by all.

July 11—Evelyn Hyble, "Humor." We all appreciated the excellent explanation you gave us on a sense of humor.

July 11—May Dobin, "Points On Happiness." Your voice was a good one and carried well.

July 11—Lee Scolnick, "Youth." After hearing your distinct talk, there is no need for anyone to go in search of the Fountain of Youth."



PIVOTICKLES

Peggy—My husband is the happiest man in the whole world.

Frances—Why darling, I didn't know you'd been separated!"

He who laughs last doesn't get the joke in the first place.

Walters—Father, I've decided to become an artist.

Mr. Walters—I've no objections, provided you don't draw on me!

Anne Kapp—What did you do after the 4C dance?

Maude—Nothing to speak of.

Anne—Oh!

Ed—Why is an oyster stew like the Fourth of July?

Boxer—Because it is no good without the crackers.

The one who thinks these jokes are poor
Would straight away change his views,
Could he compare the jokes in print
With those we do not use.

Kantor—I could face death dancing with you.

Etta K. Cohen—You probably will, if my friend sees you.

Any girl can be gay

In a nice coupe,

In a taxi

All can be jolly

But the girl worth while

Is the girl who can smile

When you're taking her home

In a trolley.

Mr. Webb—How old would a person be who was born in 1890?

Bruder—Man or woman?

Peggy, dear, your escort brought you home very late last night.

Yes, it was late, mother. Did the noise disturb you?

No, the silence.

She gently rocked the baby
In it's cradle to and fro.
She sang an old time lullaby
The kind our mothers know.

The baby gazed at her askance
Within its eye a tear,
"Why don't you cut that stuff," it said
"And jazz it, mother dear."

THE PIVOT

Anne—You have wonderful lips. They would look nice on a girl.

Rosenbloom—Well, I never miss a chance.

—o—
“How does Briggs play golf?”
“Fluently.”

—o—
Schilling—Would you scream if I kissed you, little girl?

F. Gottfried—Little girls should be seen and not heard.

—o—
Peggy—They say the moon has an influence on the tide.

Frances—Yes, but more on the untied.

—o—
J. B.—My dad's awful smart.

Barney—What does he do?

J. B.—He's a mechanic and makes locomotives.

Barney—Gee! That ain't nothing. My father's a commuter and makes two trains every day.

—o—
A conjurer was about to perform a difficult trick. He bared his arms to the elbow and said: “To help me in this trick I need the services of a boy. Any boy will do. Yes, yes my little man, you'll do very well. Step right up on the platform. First, though, you have never seen me before, have you?”

“Yes, Papa,” said the boy.

—o—
E. S. (passionately)—The more I look at you, dear, the more beautiful you seem.

E. R. (expectantly)—Yes?

E. S. (brutally)—I ought to look at you oftener.

—o—
Taxi-driver (talking to himself about the auto—
Gee, what a clutch!

McClinchie (from rear)—“Aw, mind your own business, won't you!”

—o—
J. A.—A fine stenographer you are! Call yourself a typist and don't know how to put a ribbon in a typewriter?

R. R.—Well, does Paderewski know how to tune a piano?

Don't hit a man when he is down, unless you can keep him down.—Widow.

—o—
Postoffice Clerk—Here, your letter is overweight.
J. Frank—Over what weight?

Clerk—It's too heavy; you'll have to put another stamp on it.

J. Frank—“Aw, quit your fooling; if I put another stamp on it, won't it be heavier still?”

—o—
“We guarantee that you will never wear it out,” could not be excelled as an advertisement for a suit of under-clothes.—Black and Blue Jay.

—o—
E. Rose—I heard your friend is still sick. Didn't the doctor's medicine straighten him up?”

G. Goldman—Yes, he was buried yesterday.

—o—
R. Campiglia—I hear you are going to wear a wing collar to the 4C dance.

M. McClinchie—Yes. I am going to be an angel.

—o—
Willie, will you run in next door and see how old Mrs. Smith is this morning?

Willie—All right, ma. Willie (returning). She said it's none of your business, Ma.

—o—
Joe Rosenbloom—Your lips are like a wrinkled coat.

Betty O'Rourke—Why?

J. R.—Because they need to be pressed.

—o—
M. Schartz—You have only one dimple, Joe.

E. Schilling—Yes, he is a cripple for life.

—o—
A. Kapp—Do you know they're giving clocks away at Olympic Park?

M. Cohen—No, I didn't. What for?

A. Kapp—To keep the people away from Dreamland.

—o—
In terms of baseball, the husband, who appears to be a good catch, sometimes turns out to be a foul ball.

—o—
“Hello Joe, who're you working for now?”
“Same bunch, wife an' five kids!”

THE PIVOT

Spector—My girl reminds me of wash day.

Zuckerman—How's that?

Spector—Nothing to her but clothes, pins and a heavy line.

—o—

J. Granick—James, what's the difference between one yard and two yards?

J. Apostolokas—I don't know.

J. Granick—You fool—a fence.

—

FATE

I've often stopped to wonder
At fate's peculiar ways;
For nearly all our famous men
Were born on holidays.

—o—

Boxer (before Court for reckless driving)—Ah, good morning. How are you this morning?

Judge—Fine, \$100.

—o—

Ida Rosen—The man who marries me must be bold and daring.

Kantor—Ah, he must!

—o—

Lives of Seniors all reminds us
We can strive to do our best;
And, departing, leave behind us,
Notebooks that will help the rest.

*This ditty expressly for Mr. Conovitz's History classes.

—o—

Doc. Schleicher—What is the matter, young man?

Asher Kantor—Hurt myself.

Doc—Where?

Asher K.—Between the 3rd and 4th floors.

—o—

Passerby (to A. Kapp, gazing at the remains of her auto)—Have an accident?

A. K.—No, thank you. I just had one.

—o—

When you write to a girl nowadays, it's best to use a typewriter, then throw the machine in the ocean and the letter in after it.

NOT ENOUGH TIME

Father—Great heavens son, how you do look!

Joe B.—Yes father, I fell into a mud puddle.

Father—What! And with your new pants on?

Joe B.—Yes, father; I didn't have time to take them off.

—o—

Mack—Did you see Doc. smoke a Robinson Crusoe cigar?

Jimmy—No. What kind is that?

Mack—Don't you know—a cast-away.

—o—

SOME THINK

That the Boxers' Rebellion was caused by the division of the gate receipts.

That every Pullman porter's first name is George.

The the law of gravity was passed by Congress.

That Rhode Island is entirely surrounded by water.

That a duck hunter wears duck flannels.

That every man who wears a check suit is a gambler.

That a footman is a pedestrian.

That going to college gives you brains.

—o—

Weigh well your risks before you count your gains.

—o—

D. Sarbone—Want a ride home?

L. Silverman—No, thanks. I'm in a hurry.

—o—

Heuser—My father was a great musician.

Highton—How, come?

Heuser—He was in the hemp business, making cords.

—o—

Jess Frank—The wonders of electricity have set me thinking.

Thelma Shilling—Isn't it wonderful what electricity can do!

Golf not only keeps an old man youthful, but it sends many of them into their second childhood.

—o—

If they printed books on mirrors all women would be highly educated.

